

CARROTS AND ROTTEN CARS #2



Carrots and rotten cars 2

About one and a half year has passed since the first issue of Carrots and Rotten Cars. So long, if I think about everything that has happened in my life during that time. Maybe that's why I didn't write that much, I had many other things to do... and there isn't always something to write about... and laziness also plays a role, hehe. Ok, enough excuses. In the last year I successfully left school behind and started my civil service in a school for mentally handicapped children, which is really a great job. It will be over at the end of next week as I write this. Some texts in this zine were written from certain situations that don't apply to my life anymore, that's the downside of waiting so long with publishing it. But nevertheless they are in here, even if I wouldn't and couldn't write them again like that.

In the last issue I said I wanted to try to make the zine in English. It didn't work out, many texts are written in German, simply because I feel I can't say everything in English what I want to say, especially when it comes to personal or emotional issues. Sorry for those who don't understand German...

During last and this year I have met so many wonderful people with whom I did and experienced so many cool things, it was a very inspiring time. And I hope it's not over yet, don't know what the future brings. Over the summer I will be here and there, hopefully travelling with friends. And I will move, maybe start studying at the end of the year (so my address will change)... many changes again.

And now it's half past two in the night and I will finish the zine tonight, because I have to copy it tomorrow to take the copies with me to Zinefest in Mühlheim, where I will be going on Friday. Yippie! Late, but if I hadn't made that "I-have-to-be-finished-until-zinefest"-deadline, you probably couldn't read this now. In this issue there are no reviews, sorry for that, but I just don't have the time right now. I traded so many good zines, thanks to all the people who made them.

I don't know if there will be another issue, but if there's going to be one, you'll have to wait ages for it. haha...

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Great are:

icos-fragments of sirens
rosa-l mississippi you
Hungry lungs-demo
Pancakes
ballast- sound asleep

thanks to:

Verena. martin. Vaseline children. Gabriel. Linda. Magnar and Balzos (Sonderknust). all these crazy forest-people (too many of you to list) and all bananarchists. tyle. sophia. tim. denis. haus mainusch and all people there for best concerts and good food. all zinesters and zine-distros and everyone who reads this zine right now.....

SØNDERKNUST

Sonderknust – a 3-piece stoner-punkband from Oslo, Norway - came to Frankfurt in October to play there with Electrozombies and Capgras Syndrome. Very nice and friendly people with squatting-background; I look forward to their first longplayer, so watch out! Here's the interview, due to that we all missed Electrozombies on that evening. Thank you, it was worth it, hehe...

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Can you please introduce yourself and tell us since when the band exists? Did you all have the same social backgrounds when you started or were you coming from different sides?

Linda: I am Linda and this is Magnar. We started playing in Sønderknust about one year ago. We come from a bit different places: The guitarist, Balzos, he comes from Greifswald in Germany, I am from Oslo and Magnar is from outside of Oslo. How did we meet? We have common friends and we are all part of the squatting-environment in Oslo. Me and Balzos lived in the same wagonplace until four months ago when we were evicted. We knew this guy from before, so we just started playing. We started in "Brakkebygrenda", in the wagonplace-squat, on the shitty second floor of the house where you almost fall through, with shitty amplifiers and drums...

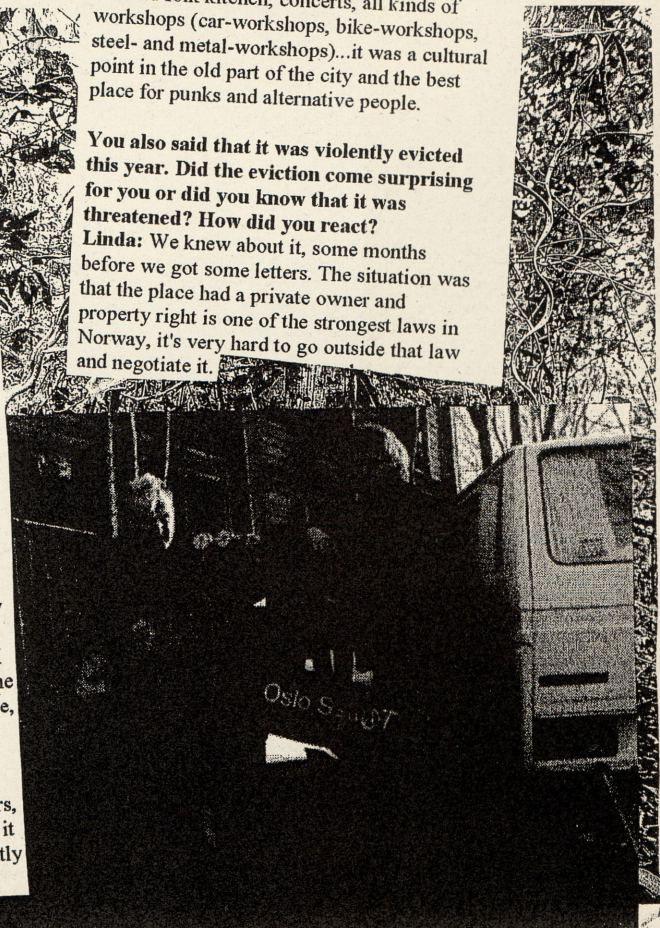
Can you tell us a little bit more about "Brakkebygrenda", about its history and what it meant for you personally and the whole scene in Oslo?

Linda: It did exist for nine years, it's been the only wagonplace in Norway and now there is actually no wagonplace in Norway. I lived there for four years, so it was a big part of my everyday-life...you lived there for how long?
Balzos: Five years ago I moved to Oslo and I didn't know anybody. Somebody then took me to this wagonplace, they had a freespace there, so I could live there for a few months, I was travelling. After two years I came back and then I moved in. It has always been in the summertime that there were a lot of travellers, we had always space for people. In summer it was nearly more guests than people constantly living there.

Linda: Our collective has been usually between eight and fifteen people living there. We had folk kitchen, concerts, all kinds of workshops (car-workshops, bike-workshops, steel- and metal-workshops)...it was a cultural point in the old part of the city and the best place for punks and alternative people.

You also said that it was violently evicted this year. Did the eviction come surprising for you or did you know that it was threatened? How did you react?

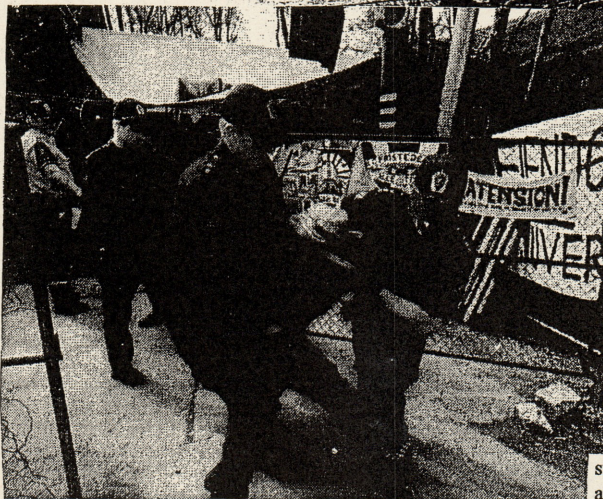
Linda: We knew about it, some months before we got some letters. The situation was that the place had a private owner and property right is one of the strongest laws in Norway, it's very hard to go outside that law and negotiate it.



We tried to go by bureaucracy, we sent letters saying that we want a meeting, that we have a project of public benefit wich is used in many ways of many different people, not only for us self for living. But of course they were like: „No, you're criminals, we don't want any dialogue with you!“ So we just built a fucking big barricade and prepared ourselves. Then the cops came with big machines, ready to kick us out and destroy the whole place, but we stopped them the first time. Then they got a court-decision and showed up surprisingly with a lot of cops, a lot of machines... We were only a few people home at this time, so they took us out, we went back in, squatted it again. That lasted the whole day, me and three more people got arrested. We were just in court yesterday, I got my sentence, have to go to jail only for six days, but anyway... There was quite a big street riot in the evening outside this place, people throwing rocks, fences, trashcans, whatever and also burned a

alternative and squatted houses and projects in whole Europe. It's not so many people that live in Oslo, 500.000 or so. Some of these squats are old, like Blitz is still live, where I work also, it will be twenty-six years now. And there are some others who are about nine years, three years old...but no wagonplace. The wagons are spread around in the different squats, they get kind of political asylum there for a while, but I guess people have plans for new projects and a new wagonplace.

To come back to the riots again....what's your opinion on violent action? I think in some situations violence against things is totally ok and necessary to express our anger and create change...but often you hear that it's actually (often poor) civilists' cars that are burned, who are not responsible for the situation and that those actions interfere the acceptance and understanding for a radical scene. What's your opinion about that?



Balzos: A lot of people from Norway went to Copenhagen to support the people there to save the Ungdomshuset. I guess this is a good example for what you can reach if they neglect a dialogue with you. You just push them outside; you have to take your place. It's always the last solution...

Linda: But still it is a solution.

Balzos: If you look at Denmark for example: They were resolute, consequent, at one and all participated. But it only works if all stand together, if only a few riot it's not very effective. But if you have a mass that riots, you can't say that these are just some violence-fanatics...you can say it happened because a whole movement has been taken away it's basic structures. What are they

wagon. There was destroyed police equipment for about 100.000 kroner, which is quite much. But still the result is the same, we are not a group anymore, different new projects have been started. But me and a few more people will start a new wagonplace soon, maybe when we come back from here.

Besides that there is no wagonplace now, what's the situation concerning freespaces in Oslo right now? Are there other squatted places and did you find another good place for the wagons yet?

Linda: Compared to how many people live in there, Oslo is actually the city with the most

supposed to do if you just don't give a shit about them? In Germany it's a bit different, because the german justice and police beats really hard on everything wich is politically motivated, but working without professional politics or lobbyism. Maybe Scandinavia is much more democratic in some ways, you can do much more, you can expand the boundaries of a modern constitutional state much more than in other countries. There you have a society that is based on community. Here I have the feeling it's more of a elbow-society. Everything and everyone that is not in line - unemployed people, foreigners, for example - has to be deported in some way.

My experience is that in other countries like Netherlands people are much more anxious about being a community and do not try to segregate certain groups. If in Germany you have a riot it's always the chaotic slob that want violence, with that you have avoided a debate with the group which has done it and also with what it was about, the content. Although there were the riots in Norway in connection with the eviction of the wagonplace the media and the newspapers had much sympathy with us, they said: „You can't blame the cops and you can't blame the people of the wagonplace, the problem is a political one. The people have demanded a dialogue with the responsible politicians several times, that was refused. It's a natural consequence that these people go crazy.“ That would be unimaginable in Germany.

And how do you think about the use of violence for political/revolutionary aims in general, not just if it comes to riots? Would you support armed resistance/struggle and if yes, how far?

Linda: Big question...Also for me it should be the last solution, only if you tried all the other things and it didn't work, it's kind of a desperate last try. I am a fan of the Zapatistas, haha. People have to do what they have to do to take their place and to have space. And in a society that doesn't give you space, we are human beings and citizens just like fucking anybody else in our and everybody's country and we have the right to make our projects and plans come true. These are usually projects that are of big social value and help a lot of people from being just outcast. For me, I don't use violence if I don't have to, but when you have to you have to.



Magnar: To do a non-violence kind of stand, saying everybody has to be really certain we don't have to use violence is very difficult, because you have that total non-cooperation. It's like „Do nothing, just lie down on the ground, don't say a word!“ . I think everybody has to do it. It's really difficult to gather a big group where nobody turns to violence when you see how the cops behave, difficult not to start a fight or something like that.

Linda: And when you are kicked out of your home it's very hard not to be angry...

Magnar: I think it's important to have new and alternative ideas, to do something very special so that the cops are thinking „Shit, what's happening now“, so that they can't do anything against you. That's real difficult.

Linda: We made a demonstration with Blitz when there was the eviction of Ungdomshuset in Copenhagen. We planned it spontaneous, just some hours before the demonstration, went to the Danish embassy and all we brought was confetti and flowers, everybody tried to wear some nice colors. So we showed up there, everybody tried to act happy and throw confetti and flowers at the cops...and we got so much attention in the media, this never happened there before. Normally if you have a peaceful demonstration nobody writes about it, nobody will know except for the people that see you in the streets and that's very few compared to the whole country. You have to be „hardcore“ on the opposite side of violence if you want any attention, and attention is the point of spreading the message. It is possible, but really hard.



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Ok, a musically question: You have a big stonerpunk-influence on your music. Why is that so and what are your biggest influences, I mean you just covered Motörhead this evening, hahaha....

Linda: We have different preferences when it comes to music. I guess what we have in common is things like first records of old Queens of the Stone Age, Black Sabbath, but mixed with a political message. I don't think this is very usual in this kind of music. In the band Balzos is the metal-influenced-one, I'm more influenced by punk and Magnar is....playing drums, haha. You don't have a say.

Magnar: I'm more into sludge metal and stoner-metal, stuff like that.

Whats your ideal of the role freespaces of different kinds can play in a city and how do you see these ideals realized in your city/own experiences? What are problems or what could be done better?

Linda: For me, it's an absolute necessity to have it in a city. Of course many people in one place have very different preferences; everybody should be allowed to make what they want according to their preferences. The ideal about having a freespace for me is for everybody that is in the project to feel responsible. If you won't show up for the meeting on eis missing and everybody will notice. It's about responsibility and also about having an important role, about making something. This is important for all people, doesn't matter who you are or what your preference is, you have to feel that you are also an important part of a group or a project, your country or the world, whatever...

Balzos: Basically it's about your own life. We live in a society where you are made passive, where you are reduced to being a consument. It's about getting active from your own and showing responsibility. I think as a human you need to feel that you can take responsibility for your own life, for what you want and that you can make your life as you want it. People can do that in different ways, you just have to accept that not all people are satisfied to reduce their self-realization to „borrow money, buy a house, have a good job“, that all comes down to alienation. It doesn't depend on your social status, on how much money you have, on the color of your skin, on being gay or not, all that doesn't matter. What matters is that you can build something that is useful also for other people. The amazing thing about building a freespace is how much positive feedback you get. You

start organizing concerts, bars; but it's not that empty and meaningless as normal bars where people go just to get drunk, you can fill that with whatever topics you like and at the same time get across a message. And you meet people who do the same things. To defend that, that you can build something valuable independent from outer appearance and status is what's important.

Magnar: Freespaces have a high cultural value. For example you have concerts with different kind of music that is not very common in the capitalistic mainstream, you have lots of artwork....In Oslo we have this theater called "Grusomhetens Theater" (Das Theater der Grausamkeit). They also have a lot of cool stuff that you wouldn't have seen if these freespace didn't exist. Also this place that you have around here, it is a part of the city and it should be. It's also about social work, doing everything together and creating something.

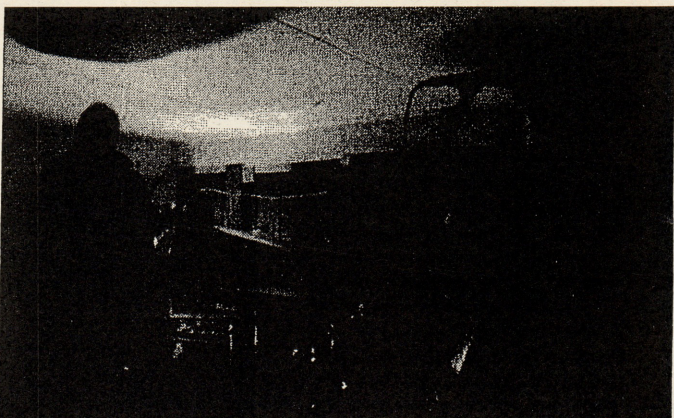
Linda: Yeah, DIY! Freespace is freedom!

Do you work, if yes as what and in which way do you feel you have to make a compromise between what you work and your political view and ideas?

Linda: I work sometimes, just when I have to, and people in Norway would consider me to be poor. But if you have a freespace and you pay your rent in physical work instead of money then there is much more freedom to do all the things that you don't get paid for, for example being in projects etc. When I work I do that in a rigging company for building the stages for concerts and things like this. Sometimes I feel like a bit of a slave of the commercial music scene. Actually I worked in the courthouse of Oslo for one year, we did construction there. I think this has changed the way of thinking of a lot of judges and lawyers after we did this work. They asked us not to put our hair up, not to wear black sweaters and all this shit. But we did it anyway, everybody came looking like everyday and they were surprised, „oh, you are good workers“, haha.

Balzos: We installed the offices for the judges there in the whole courthouse, it is finished long ago. But now both of us have to meet up there again sometimes and we know everybody.

Linda: All the judges are like: „Oh, it's you guys“. Actually they have been more nice to us in the courtcases because of this, I have the feeling.



From when you are born you are a member, you have to go to the office and say „I don't want to be a member“ and then they will take you off the list. But even then they made a „mistake“, how they call it, some years ago they left so many names on the list that were actually no members anymore and then got millions of extra money. So it's all about money for the church employees, not about religion, that's the way I see it.

Magnar: In the last years there was a lot of talk about separating the church from the state, because it's just not the common way, common people are not that religious anyway, so they want to separate it. And in school you have to learn about religion, but you can choose or the parents can choose for you if you want to learn about christianity or other religions. And we have a lot of immigrants in Norway as well; in the cities you have many different religions.

Balzos: There is also that big society that's called „Human-Etisk Forbund“, it's like a humanism society. They don't stand for christian ideals, but for ideas of acceptance, multiculturalism, acceptance of homosexuality, humanistic ideals. You can be a member there, it's quite a big group. The crazy thing is as long as you have the Norwegian citizenship you are a member of the Norwegian state church. To get out of this church you have to write a letter and change to another group. As long as you are passive you are member of the state church. And of course many give a shit. So they belong to the state church.

Magnar: For every person who is a member the state church gets a certain amount of money, that's why they want everybody to be in there. Most part of the population is a member, but a lot of the people are not christian at all and don't attend church. But still many of them marry in church.

Ok, last and short question: What does your band name „Sønderknust“ mean and why did you choose it?

Magnar: In German it's like „total kaputt“.

Linda: Yeah, like smashed into a thousand pieces...we chose it because of the political message: people are getting smashed all of the time and nobody really cares. And then we had that discussion, because in Norway we have that O with a line, ø. We heard that in Germany that's very exotic, in Norway it's not exotic at all...so then we wanted to write it just Ö...but in Germany now it's just Sønderknust, with a line, haha...

Haha, ok... Thank you for the interview...

And wasn't that a compromise for you, working in a courthouse for lawyers?

Linda: Yes, definitely. But it was also a chance to change the ways these people think. I discussed with them about the system, what it does to people and how they treat them. I think they learned from us seeing us and being so satisfied seeing that we can fucking work and we're not just lazy people that don't want to pay rent. People think you don't want to work because you are lazy. I think we

changed a lot of opinions with that.

Sometimes you can take the chance of going inside the system and take that shit for a while, so you can change some small things that can be better in the long term.

Magnar: My work is software-engineer, I have a contract. Mainly I work with free software, I want everybody to start with new free software. I don't see why people should pay for things like that. My ideology is to make people use free software and making cheap solutions for firms that want to use it.

In Norway there exists the Church of Norway, a protestant state church whose head is the king. Were you raised in a religious way and did it have an affect on your views towards religion nowadays?

Linda: Norway is not a very religious country if you are from the city. If you are from the countryside it can be very extremely discriminating, racist and religious. But these are the people I never meet. I was not raised in a religious way and I think the state church is all about money.



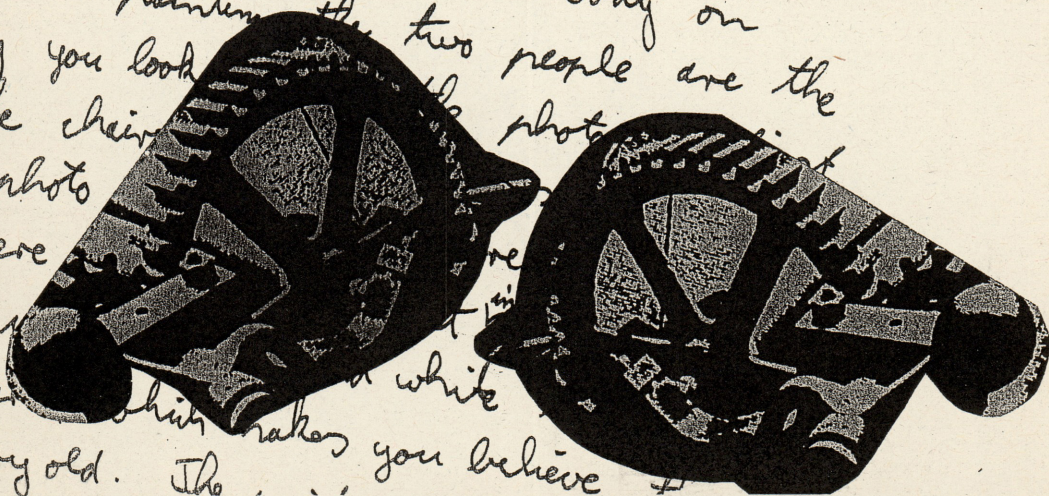
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Sometimes it really pisses me off how dumb some school teachers can be. Surely there are some that are very intelligent, make excellent classes and really want to share their knowledge and to raise the pupils awareness for what happens around us in the world. Great that there are such teachers, those are the ones with whom pupils can talk, the ones who work hard and who take their job serious. But sadly there are also the ones, who don't give a fuck about pupils and some of them are so unintelligent and naive, that it scares the hell out of me. Those people should give knowledge, should teach us not only theory and dates, but also moral values and encourage children to be critical. Concerning my english-teacher i don't have any hope no more.

When we read „animal farm“ by george orwell her statement at the end was something like: „what can we learn from that book? People can't live without a leader who tells them what to do.“ and the worst thing was, mostly everyone agreed. I tried to start a discussion, which was interrupted by the school bell and no one was interested anymore. Isn't it a shame that she didn't inform herself about the book, the author and his intentions? Orwell would turn over in his grave if he would have heard what she said. Don't question anything, it's just like you said. „we saw that a society without a leader would be bad, there would be chaos,“ that's because people are egoistic in themselves and always want the best for themselves“ that's what most of my classmates think, and it's hard to convince them that it's not like that. I do not believe, that everyone is egoistic in themselves, the capitalistic circumstances we live in, that everything is about money and property makes people act egoistic. If we can change the circumstances, make people realize that there is enough for everybody, if there is no one who exploits and if they can organize in a community and see that this makes life a lot easier, there would be no selfishness anymore. I just watched the film „Vivir la utopia“ about the spanish revolution in 1936, where people who were involved in this movement spoke about the revolution, the CNT and the time. One said: „There was no egoism. How? If there is no money, there can't be egoism.“

no body on the two people are the photo



which makes you believe

Es war einmal...

Eigentlich sollte es ein ganz normaler Tag werden, naja, ein ganz normaler Donnerstag das ist ja immer schon mal was anderes...

Wie dem auch sei: Sie war um viertel nach Sechs aufgestanden, Zähne putzen, anziehen, Zeug zusammensuchen, zur Bushaltestelle gehen, vollgepackt wie immer (Sie war der festen Überzeugung eigentlich zum Packesel ausgebildet zu werden!).

Nun stand sie da, wartete. Immer mehr Leute an der Bushaltestelle. Die bekannten Donnerstagmorgengesichter: Leer, verschlafen, mies gelaunt. Dabei regnete es nicht mal. Irgendetwas näherte sich...

Doch halt, das war kein Bus! Es strahlte weiß, blendete und näherte sich im leichtfüßigen Trab. Langsam konnte sie erkennen was ihr da so entgegen funkelte.

Sie schüttelte den Kopf und schaute erneut angestrengt in Richtung dieser Erscheinung. Aber ihre schlechten, verpennten Augen spielten ihr keinen Streich, es war wirklich ein weißes Pferd mit einem blonden in Samt und Gold gekleideten Jüngling im Sattel.

Als ob diese komplett schräge Tatsache nicht schon genug war, hielt der Blonde das Pferd genau vor ihr, die in dem Moment so verdutzt guckte wie eine Waschmaschine.

„Ich bin Ronald“, sprach der Reiter, „komm, wir reiten zusammen in den Sonnenuntergang...“ „Hä?“ „Es ist doch erst sieben Uhr morgens“ dachte sie und guckte noch blöder.

Der Prinz zog daraufhin nur ungeduldig eine Augenbraue hoch, entschied sich nun selbst die Initiative zu ergreifen, nahm ihren Arm und schwang sie zu sich aufs Pferd.

Vollkommen überrumpelt verlor sie erst mal die Hälfte ihres Gepäcks... Doch im Selbstverteidigungskurs auf Übergriffe sexistischer Chauvinisten vorbereitet, reagierte sie nun gelistesgegenwärtig!

Plötzlich sah sie alles ganz klar und wandte schnell und unglaublich präzise die tödlichste Waffe an, die sie beherrschte: DIE 10-PUNKTE- FÜNF- SCHRITTE- HERZEXPLOSIONS-TECHNIKI

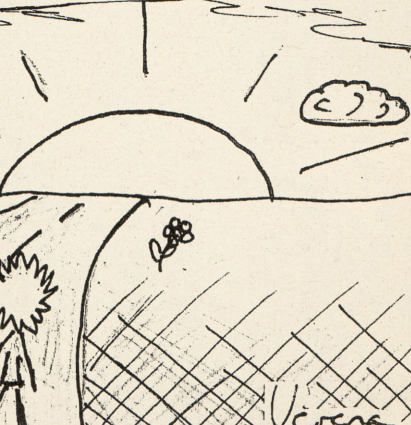
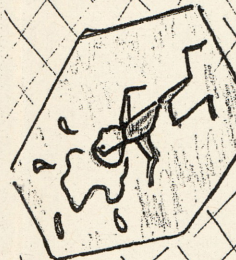
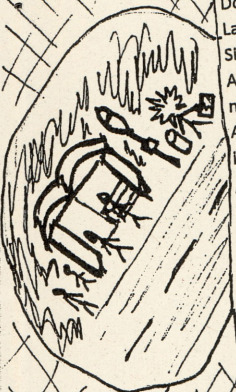
Doch nachdem sie ihre Finger geschickt in die 10 entsprechenden Körperstellen eing bohrt hatte fiel ihr auf, dass er ja zu Pferd schlecht fünf Schritte gehen konnte. Doch mit klarem Verstand jagte sie ihm ihren Ellenbogen unters Kinn, ließ ihren Unterarm hochschnellen und verpasste ihm somit direkt noch einen präzisen Faustschlag auf die Nase.

Blut lief sein schönes Gesicht herunter, er verdrehte die Augen und kippte langsam nach hinten vom Pferd. Als er die zwei Meter bis zum Boden gefallen war schlug sein Hinterkopf nur noch mit einem lauten KNACK auf den Asphalt.

Das Pferd schüttelte gelangweilt den Kopf und verlagerte sein Gewicht zum Ausruhen vom rechten Hinterhuf auf die restlichen Drei.

„Ganz schön schräger Start in den Tag“ dachte sie sich, stieg wieder vom Pferd und schaute sich das Tier zum ersten Mal wirklich an. Bis auf den Perwoll-Glanz, den es sicher selbst nicht zu verantworten hatte, war es ein ganz normales, etwas groß geratenes Pferd.

„Was soll's“ sagte sie zu sich, nahm seine Zügel und beide spazierten nebeneinander los in den Tag. „Mal schaun was der noch so bringt...“



the two sides

I'm tired of switching between two worlds. It bursts my heart when I am confronted with all that shit I know there is an alternative to. Sometimes I'm still not on the alternative side, I'm on the yuppie-side, without wanting to be there. But some of them I still regard as friends, even some few as best friends. Its paradox and this paradox crumbles in my head and gets bigger and more and more painful every time I am confronted with it. When I was younger I didn't had much of what you would call a punk-youth. I know most of my best friends like forever, it seems, mostly from the early school years or then from the school years in gymnasium. And yeah, they were the ones with whom I spent all my time, with whom I played as a little kid, made things I never would tell anybody else about and had little adventures with. We had the best of parties, the best chill-sessions, we spent school time, free time and sometimes holidays together. There are so many unique experiences and memories in my head that I would never like to miss. And with a few of them I can talk about everything, share personal stories and discuss endlessly what the future will probably bring.

But if I never got in touch with punk I surely wouldn't sit right here now and write this for my own fanzine. Through music I experienced the subculture punk and yeah, like most young punk kids, I began to dress another way, wore bandshirts, studded wrist- and neckbands, worn out trousers and sprayed the army boots of my father green. But I still had the same friends, I also got to know other people that influenced me and that I hung out with, but I didn't sit on the streets and drink all day, nor had I have a mohawk or dressed completely radical and went to concerts or demonstrations all the time, that came much later. I still spent my time with my friends, who were basically people that didn't had anything in common with punk. I dressed another way and listened to different music, but still lead a normal and rather bourgeois life. Sometimes I'm angry I didn't experience all these things when I was young, that other punks did. I wasn't allowed to go to the anti-nazi-protest, because my parents thought it was too dangerous. And I didn't do it anyway no, I stayed at home. Not really punk, heh?

My friends always mocked about my look, but it was never serious. And earlier we were sometimes not that far away from each other, I remember a funny situation: It was my first demonstration, one against the Iraq-war in Frankfurt. We didn't go to school that day and drove to Frankfurt instead, because it was something we all were against. Not a radical protest at all, many pupils there. And then we were sitting on the streets starting to sing the song 'kein gerechte by wizo, which goes like: Eine revolution für den frieden und die freiheit, eine revolution für die anarchie! einen kampf der unterdrückung, einem kampf dem system, einen kampf für die anarchie! .. which means a revolution for peace and for freedom, a revolution for anarchy, a fight against oppression, a fight against the system, a fight for anarchy! And my friends didn't have anything in common with punk at all, but they were listening to Wizo and so we sang. We didn't really think about the lyrics and we wouldn't have really understood them anyway.

But times changed, we all developed. We developed in the music we listened to and we developed in what we thought and how we saw the world and in what we did. I more and more discovered the meaning in punk, read lyrics, found out about political issues. And we still hung out together, but most of the others developed in another way. It got that way that I had two groups of friends, the ones I knew for a very long time, also the people I got to know through them and the alternative ones, with whom I went to other places, concerts or who thought

the same way I did. In the first times it was more one, these and these people met more often. I mean I can't divide all my friends in two groups, impossible, but it tends to be that way more and more. Sadly. When I sit together with my old friends sometimes, we discuss different topics and sometimes it ends in endless explanations of our different worldviews, and necessarily our views collide with each other. And mostly we don't come to a real solution in the end, because they differ too radically from each other. If you try to explain someone that thinks like a capitalist, wants to become a boss and have a nice car, a villa and live in luxury, that you think the whole system of capitalism is wrong and most forms of oppression are connected through it, how can you get a solution in the end? We can discuss and that's cool and I can have much fun with them, nevertheless we do not think the same. It's like living in two worlds for me. I make compromises all the time, but then comes the point, where I just cannot make a compromise anymore, I would play a role and deny my ideals.

You need people around you that think like you and with whom you can do what you enjoy, there has to be a common basis; if you don't have this you can never have the strength to survive with your own opinion in a group of humans with totally other views. It feels good to be with people that are vegan, that go on the same protests as you, that know that homophobia and sexism suck, that see through capitalism, that create alternatives to it. There just is a basis, there is no need to explain everything, no need to tell all the time that gay isn't a word to be used for bad things and no need to wait outside a fucking McDonalds while the others get their food after a party. One of the worst things is: you don't speak up about everything all the time, if you want to hold a friendly relation. But looking silly tv shows and then, mocking all the time about how fat this man is or how ugly this short-haired woman is (oh, these militant lesbians) is definitely not what I define as a good evening with friends. If at a cool diy concert there are people talking sexist crap, then they are being kicked out and it has to be that way; if I am at a birthday-party from some (former) schoolmate and people talk sexist crap all the time you maybe can tell them you think it's wrong one time, but they won't understand it. At such a party I am probably the only one who is aware of such things, so there is nearly no acceptance for my point of view; I just get to hear a ooohh, you again with your moral-shit. That frustrates and from most of these parties I go home with an empty feeling of having wasted my time, of not having spoken up enough for my ideals; but no one notices. If I was consequent I would just not go to these parties, radically quit all these contacts. Some of them I will quit, some few I don't want to, but I just can't enjoy there like you do, I hope you can understand that.

A while ago I had an experience that made me realize how different our two worlds have become. One of my best friends went to Australia for half a year and we wanted to spend one last special evening with him before. It came that nearly everyone regarded it as a cool idea to invite him to a dinner in an exquisite and noble restaurant in Wiesbaden and then go to the Casino. I normally don't wear a suit very often, but at that evening I wore one, because I didn't want to ruin the evening in any way for him and so I made many compromises. I even wore my old leather shoes, because I don't have any vegetarian shoes that look like suit-shoes. But I thought it could be funny to play rich and arrive there with my dreads and suit. Also I agreed to be one of the car-drivers. We arrived, the waiter was over-friendly and showed us our table. I thought how I could never do such a job and kiss rich peoples asses even if they treat me like a slave. We got the card, ordered our drinks. Then the decision what to eat. All the others couldn't even

decide, for me it was hard to find anything vegan. I took noodles with dried tomatoes and spinach, the only option for me. I expected that nearly everyone else would eat something with meat or fish and I know that they do all the time, but at that evening it hit me a thousand times harder than normal. Steaks from oxes and cows, different fishes and lambs. The girls at that table would have cried how sweet such a lamb is if it would have stood right there, but at such a noble place you just have to eat lamb. I think I said something, but they didn't want to hear it, for them it was a product and they all wanted to enjoy their meal. Another friend of mine ordered lobster. He struggled with how to eat it, but come on, you had to eat something special if you are here. Pictures of how lobsters are thrown into the cooking water alive rushed through my head, daily cruel routine in the kitchen of such a restaurant. Mmmhh, the lamb meat is so delicate and soft, I never ate something like this before. Then one of the girls recognized a huge grasshopper sitting on the umbrella over our heads. Eating was impossible, the waiter had to be called. Can you take that away, please? First one, then two waiters tried their best with a long stick to make the grasshopper go away, but not on the table. It didn't work. Suddenly he was gone. The next thing to complain about was the coldness. It wasn't cold at all and after all, when you plan to sit outside, take a jacket with you. The heater had to be started, you know, these large things restaurants have sometimes outside that produce masses of Co2 and need so much energy. Pure luxury, but nobody wasted a thought on that, it was just there, it was normal. After we paid that huge bill, we went to the casino. I've never been to one before and just looked, didn't want to loose money.

The others had a good evening I think, but when we drove home I realized this was not my world, it was actually everything I hated.

About two months later I was in Wiesbaden again for the first Critical Mass there. We rode and after a while we arrived at that place with a big theatre, the casino and the noble restaurant I had been to some while ago. We stopped right in front of it and all held our bikes over our heads screaming and shouting. The yuppies sitting in the restaurant, the waiters there, the Mercedes-driver that couldn't park where he wanted to, they all looked like what the hell is this? A grin appeared on my face and there was magic in the air for one moment.

I knew this was the side I wanted to be on.

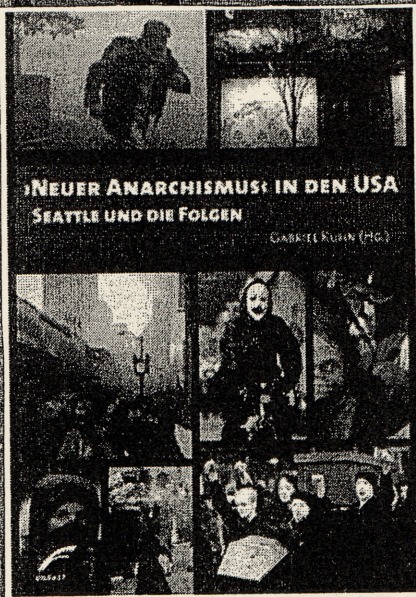


INTERVIEW MIT GABRIEL KUHN UEBER ANARCHISTISCHE LITERATUR, ZUKUNFTSPERSPEKTIVEN UND FANZINES...

Die Ankündigung der Lesung, die bald im Exzess stattfinden sollte, hörte sich interessant an. Das Buch „Neuer Anarchismus in den USA - Seattle und die Folgen“ stellt anhand verschiedener Einzeltexte die verschiedenen anarchistischen Strömungen dar, die u.a. durch die schwerwiegenden Anti-WTO-Proteste in Seattle 1999 wieder an Bedeutung gewinnen konnten. Als moderner Autor anarchistischer Texte, Übersetzer, Aktivist und Mitglied in verschiedenen interessanten Projekten ist Gabriel Kuhn schon lange politisch aktiv. Nach der Lesung habe ich Gabriel ein paar Fragen gestellt, das Interview ist leider nicht so lange. Wer sich also für seine Veröffentlichungen interessiert, schaut doch mal hier: www.unrast-verlag.de und sucht nach seinem Namen. Ein Jahr ist das Interview bald schon her und Gabriel schreibt immer noch und ist immer noch unterwegs. Das neueste Buch, das er übersetzt und herausgegeben hat, ist „Tötet den Bullen in eurem Kopf“, das sich aus afroamerikanischer Sicht mit dem Konzept „Black Autonomy“ befasst und gleichzeitig Kritik an der US-amerikanischen Linken übt. Auch diese Seite ist einen Besuch wert: www.alpineanarchist.org, dort gibt es englischsprachige Texte, u.a. auch von Gabriel.

Kannst du dich bitte erstmal kurz vorstellen und erzählen, was du so machst?

Ich heiße Gabriel Kuhn, bin seit langem schon in Publikationsprojekten aktiv, die mit der anarchistischen Szene zu tun haben, habe dann auch auf Englisch länger ein DIY-Projekt gemacht, wo z.B. dieses anarchistische Fußballheft herkommt (*Anmerk: Anarchist Football (Soccer) Manual, AAP Collective*). Ich habe auch schon Anfang der 90er Jahre in Österreich bei einem anarchistischen Verlag veröffentlicht, Monte Verita, der ist aber ziemlich verschwunden. Seit ich dann 2005 wieder nach Europa zurückgekommen bin, arbeite ich mit „Unrast“ zusammen und habe dort meine letzten drei Bücher veröffentlicht. „Neuer Anarchismus in den USA“ ist das letzte.



Du hast schon gesagt, dass du in vielen Ländern gelebt hast und auch in mehreren aufgewachsen bist. Wo hast du überall gelebt und wie haben dich die dortigen Verhältnisse, Mentalitäten und Kulturen geprägt, auch in dem, was du heute so machst?

Das war dadurch bedingt, dass meine Eltern ziemlich viel gereist sind. Als Kind habe ich in der Türkei gelebt, dann Holland, Deutschland, dann bin ich in Österreich in die Schule gegangen, aber wir sind da auch viel nach England und in die USA. Das hat sich so fortgesetzt, als ich erwachsen war, bin ich selbst gereist und war sehr viel unterwegs. Unter anderem drei Jahre im südpazifischen Raum, drei Jahre in Afrika und ein Jahr im Nahen Osten. Wie einen das prägt, ist schwierig zu sagen, schlägt sich in vielerlei Hinsicht nieder, auch in den eigenen Interessen und was man halt so macht. Das Thema „Grenzüberschreitung“ ist für mich grade auch politisch ein ganz wichtiges. Ich reise ja auch in einer privilegierten Situation und überschreite Grenzen. Mit einem EU-Pass und als Weißer ist das ja noch relativ einfach, aber selbst da hat man ja schon genug Probleme. Man kann sich ja vorstellen, wie das ist für Menschen ist, die in einer viel weniger privilegierten Situation versuchen, diese Grenzen zu überschreiten. Grenzen überwinden ist für mich schon ein großes Thema im Zusammenhang mit allen Dingen, mit denen ich arbeite. Kulturell, sozial und national natürlich.

Viele theoretische politische Bücher sind ja ziemlich trocken und fachspezifisch geschrieben, sodass Menschen, die sich vorher nicht damit beschäftigt haben sagen: „Das ist mir zu langweilig, damit will ich mich gar nicht befassen.“ Ist es dir wichtig, auch solche Leute zu erreichen? Was ist deine Motivation zum Schreiben?

Das ist schon ein ganz großer Anspruch, was meine Schreibarbeit, vor allem diese theoretischen Sachen betrifft. Ich denke mir, die einzige Legitimation zu arbeiten, wenn man einen politischen Anspruch hat, ist tatsächlich, dass man es in einer Art formuliert, dass es über exklusive, meist akademische Kreise hinausgeht. Also ich will nicht platt anti-akademisch sein, aber ich finde es schon schade, wenn sich Ideen, die mir wichtig, interessant und anregend vorkommen, nie aus so einem Zirkel hinausbewegen. Insofern ist es für mich eben einer der größten Ansprüche beim Schreiben, dass ich versuche, diese Ideen so zu präsentieren, dass sie auch für ein Publikum von Relevanz und Interesse sein können, das nicht unbedingt diesen theoretischen Hintergrund hat. Wie gut mir das gelingt, müssen die LeserInnen selbst beurteilen. Aber mich freut es immer total, wenn sich meine Texte oder diese Unrast-Bücher in Zusammenhängen wieder finden, die keine akademischen sind, sondern wo Leute das trotzdem anregend finden, besonders für politische Tätigkeit. Dieser konkrete Bezug ist für mich schon extrem wichtig.

Bist du neben dem Schreiben auch noch anderweitig politisch aktiv?

Ja, wobei die Haupttätigkeit doch Schreiben ist bzw. allgemein Publikationsprojekte, die Gestaltung von Heften, Übersetzungsarbeit in kollektiven Projekten usw. Ansonsten gibt es noch so alltagspolitische Geschichten, wo man versucht, seine Prinzipien im Alltag auszudrücken, ob das jetzt Konsumverhalten ist oder der Umgang mit deinem sozialen Umfeld, was ich durchaus als politische Tätigkeit bezeichnen würde. Was ansonsten politische Projekte anbelangt, ist das immer sehr temporär; es war mir aufgrund der Reisen nie wirklich möglich, kontinuierlich in einem Projekt zu arbeiten, weil ich meist nur 1 oder 2 Monate irgendwo war und dann wieder weitergereist bin. Aber wenn dort, wo ich war, gerade irgendwelche Proteste waren, habe ich da immer punktuell mitgearbeitet und mache das nach wie vor. Ich bin ja nun eher sesshaft in Schweden und bin da zumindest perifer involviert in verschiedene anarchistische Gruppen und Projekte und helfe dabei mit, Sachen zu organisieren.

Alte anarchistische Literaturklassiker werden ja heute immer noch veröffentlicht, in kleinen Heftchen weiterkopiert, um sie möglichst vielen Leuten zugänglich zu machen. Findest du es wichtig, dass diese Schriften, gerade von jungen Leuten, noch gelesen werden, obwohl sie schon sehr alt sind?

Ja, das finde ich schon. Es kann natürlich kein Definitionskriterium sein, um sich Anarchist/In zu nennen, dass man Bakunin rauf und runter gelesen hat. Aber die Schriften finde ich schon wichtig, weil sie Teil einer Tradition sind, wo es mir so vor kommt, dass dieses Wissen inspirierend und anregend wirken kann, weil man von der Aktivität motiviert wird und es gut zu wissen ist, was da alles passiert. Aber es ist auch auf einer intellektuellen oder theoretischen Ebene wichtig, weil es interessant ist, die Geschichte von anarchistischen Bewegungen zu studieren und zu sehen, was funktioniert hat und was nicht. Man muss das dann halt auf neue und aktuelle Situationen anwenden. Aber ganz allgemein kann das Studium von Geschichte immer anregend und wichtig sein und das gilt auch für die anarchistische Geschichte.

Eine Einführung

Um mal auf die Bewegung in Deutschland zu kommen: Denkst du, dass die Proteste gegen den G8 in Heiligendamm die linke Bewegung eher gestärkt oder eher gespalten haben?

Das ist wahnsinnig schwierig zu sagen für mich, weil ich nicht so oft in Deutschland bin. Ich war selbst auch in Heiligendamm. Was ich miterlebt habe von dem, was an Debatten stattgefunden hat innerhalb der Linken, ist es mir nicht so vorgekommen, dass sich da so viel geändert hätte. Nicht, dass mehr gespalten worden wäre durch Heiligendamm, als es vorher schon gespalten war, aber auch nicht unbedingt, dass mehr Brücken geschlagen worden wären. Es hat dort diese Bündnisse gegeben für die Proteste, aber ich habe nicht den Eindruck, dass die weitergeführt worden wären. Man hat sich da halt für eine Woche zusammengefunden und ein paar Sachen gemeinsam gemacht und jetzt hat sich das vielfach wieder zerschlagen. Wobei

it
archie?

nus

ich da, wie gesagt, vorsichtig sein muss, weil ich die Verhältnisse in Deutschland wirklich nicht so gut kenne. Was die autonome Szene anbelangt, die mir am nächsten ist, scheint die mir leider nach wie vor sehr stark von Spaltungen geprägt zu sein.

Du hast ja gerade gesagt, dass die Bewegung in vielen Teilen, auch international, sehr gespalten ist. Welches Potenzial zur Vernetzung verschiedener Gruppen siehst du in solchen internationalen Camps, wie z.B. jährlich stattfindende Anarchocamps?

Ja, jetzt komme ich sogar wieder zurück auf die politische Arbeit. Ich habe mich ja viel bewegt und habe dabei viel Netzwerkarbeit gemacht, weil ich relativ viele Leute kenne in verschiedenen Orten, wo man die Möglichkeit hat, verschiedene Personen, Gruppen und Aktivisten zu verbinden. Ich finde das total wichtig als Teil unserer politischen Tätigkeit. Ich finde das auch einen wichtigen Aspekt von diesen Gipfelprotesten. Ich denke zwar, dass die Konzentration auf Massendemonstrationen ganz was Problematisches an sich hat, weil da oft diese spezifische Alltagsarbeit ein bisschen dahinter verschwindet. Kleinere, mehr verbreitete Aktionsformen sind da, glaube ich, wirksamer. Was solche Treffen aber ermöglichen, ist diese Netzwerkarbeit. Gerade solche Camps sehe ich als einen sehr wichtigen Teil einer linken Infrastruktur. Oft passieren da inhaltlich ganz tolle Sachen. Aber auch einfach die Tatsache, dass dort Leute zusammenkommen, Inhalte austauschen und Kontakte knüpfen können, finde ich total wichtig.

Ich habe mal gelesen, dass du auch an mehreren Fanzines mitgeschrieben hast. Siehst du das so, dass die Fanzinekultur heute kleiner wird oder kleiner geworden ist?

Da kann ich mehr im nordamerikanischen Kontext antworten, weil meine Tätigkeit in der DIY-Fanzine-Szene sich hauptsächlich auf den Raum konzentriert hat. Was Nordamerika anbelangt, würde ich sagen, dass es der Szene nach wie vor sehr gut geht. Da wird nach wie vor viel produziert und vernetzt und es passieren viele spannende Sachen. Es ist interessant, weil es immer die Frage gibt, was die neuen Medien, vor allem die starke Konzentration auf das Internet für die Fanzinekultur bedeuten würde. Ich habe den Eindruck, dass es keinen großen Einbruch gegeben hat, die Kultur lebt und es ist ein spannender Aspekt von linker Publikationskultur. Verlagsarbeit hat schon seine eigenen Vorteile vom Vertrieb her, man kann größere Sachen machen, es gibt mehr Ressourcen. Aber gerade was solche Netzwerkgeschichten anbelangt, ist eine Fanzinekultur was Wichtiges und ich glaube auch, dass sie weiter stark bleiben wird.

Kann so ein kleines Heftchen wirklich politische Inhalte vermitteln oder sind das dann nur Bruchteile von dem, was in z.B. in größeren politischen Schriften vermittelt werden könnte?

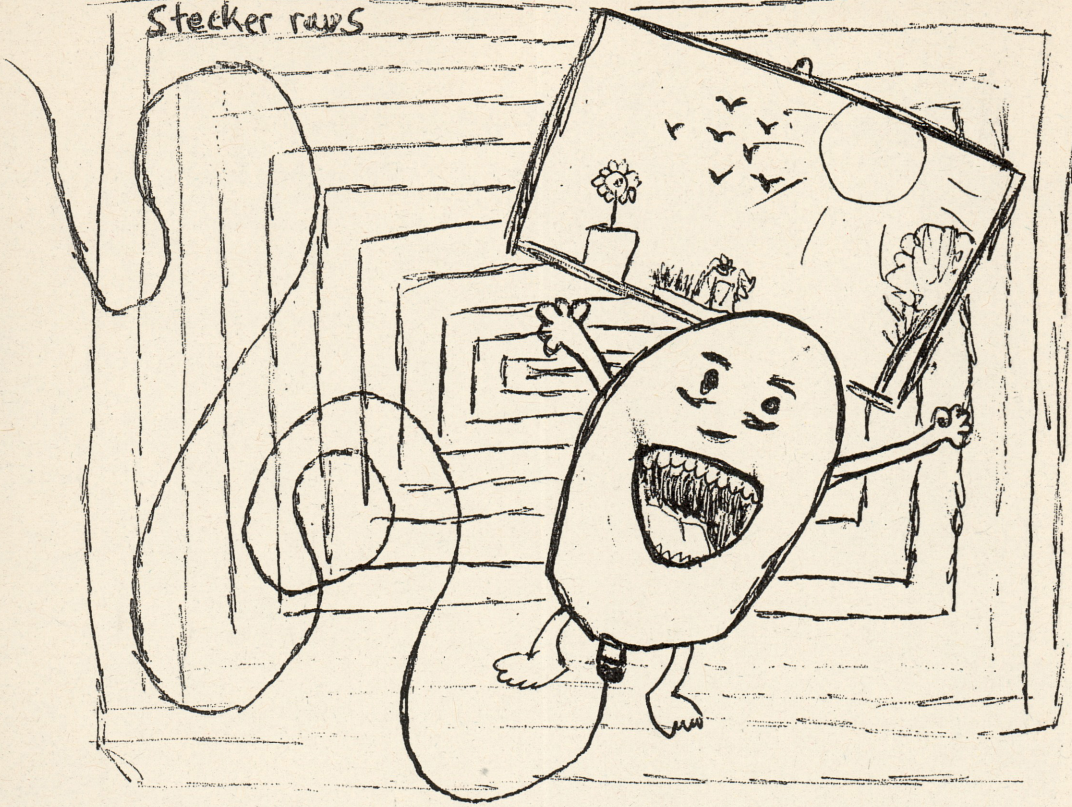
Nein, das glaube ich auf jeden Fall. Erstens passiert ja politische Vermittlung ganz viel in Alltagskultur, Kommunikation und so, insofern gehören Fanzines absolut dazu und leisten einen wichtigen Beitrag. Ich glaube nicht, dass relevante politische Vermittlung erst anfängt, wenn man in einer Zeitschrift schreibt, die eine Auflage von 10.000 Stück hat; vor allem weil das ja auch eine ganz andere Art von Kommunikation ist. Die Fanzinekultur hat sehr starke persönliche Dimensionen, das hat auch noch mal eine ganz eigene Qualität. Es ist total politisch, was da passiert. Auch die Produktionsbedingungen, dieses DIY-Element ist ja an sich selbst schon politisch relevant.

**Ok, dann dank ich dir herzlich für's Interview.
Ich bedanke mich auch für's Interviewt-werden.**

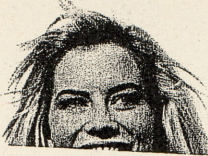
NEUER
SEATTLE

Leizigersstr. 91
Café ExZess

Stecker raus



Consume-kids.. jeden tag ein bisschen mehr.
im ständigen wechsel zwischen fernseher und computer,
ständig online. keine bewegung, zocken, youtube, mails checken.
sinnlos. schreie, ich will da raus! sehne mich nach menschen,
mit denen ich leben kann und die das auch wollen. L-E-B-E-N.
nicht so, wie du es jetzt tust und wahrscheinlich dein ganzes
leben lang tun wirst, wie ich es viel zu oft auch tue. Das
hatt ich nicht länger durch. abenteuer, ehrlichkeit, respekt,
spaß, lebenskraft spüren. im moment spüre ich leere und
mein rücken tut weh. kopf mit müll gefüllt. irgendwie
fehl am platz, tag weggeworfen, stagnation...
ich muss mein leben retten, weg. ansonsten:
innerhalb von 3 jahren seelisches krepieren.
und das schlimmste: dann noch ca. 25 mal so lange
auf der erde bleiben. dann den stecker raus, zum
strom sparen. stecker raus... und weg.



DIY - oweiowei



Letztens hab ich gedacht ich werd nich mehr. Wenn leute mein fanzine haben wollen find ich das natürlich immer super, noch mehr freu ich mich, wenn ich tauschen kann. Dieses mal war es anders. Dieses mal freute ich mich nicht. Eine mail. Ich weiß nicht warum und wieso, is mir auch scheißegal....ich finde also folgende mail in meinen postfach:


„Hallo liebes Magazin-Team,

da wir uns aus verschiedenen Gründen sehr für Eure Zeitschrift interessieren, wüsste ich gerne, ob es möglich ist, uns ein Exemplar per Post zukommen zu lassen.

Im Voraus vielen Dank!

Mit freundlichen Grüßen

*[Redacted Name]
Event Management*

what the fuck? Bei anschauen der internetseite des unternehmens, von der diese mail kam, kommt mir schon das große kotzen hoch. Irgendeine verkackte medien-company, der werbespruch: aus fernsehen wird gernsehen. Hallo? Was zum teufel wollt ihr bastarde von mir? Das hier is DIY verdammt nochmal, das steht für DO IT YOURSELF und  wendet sich gegen all den dreck, den ihr produziert, gegen all das was ihr seid und macht, gegen euch!!! ich gehöre nicht zu der zielgruppe, die ihr überall und an jedem ort mit perfekt auf mich abgestimmten werbebotschaften zukacken könnt, ihr könnt mich mit eurem handy lifestyle portal, euren attraktiven shoppingangeboten, mit eurem interaktiven musik angebot und eurer nonstop-unterhaltung mal am arsch lecken! Ich wüsste gern mal die gründe, aus denen ihr euch für dieses heft interessiert...gibt mir schon irgendwo zu denken und ist ziemlich erschreckend...im internet aufzutauchen bedeutet auf der einen seite viele kontakte zu knüpfen, bedeutet, dass mehr leute auf das zine aufmerksam werden. Bedeutet leider aber auch, dass trendige unterhaltungsfirmen davon erfahren, ist ja für jeden zugänglich, wie auch immer sie das gefunden haben...aber solange es noch DIY-printzines gibt und noch nicht alles online verfügbar ist hab ich noch hoffnung! Das ding fängt genau dann an zu sterben, wenn das erste zine an eine solche piss-kapitalisten-firma verschickt wird...ich bin zuversichtlich, dass sowas nie passieren wird. Leckt mich da wo's dunkel ist und lest weiter eure hochglanzfernsehmagazine, dat hier is was anderes ...vielleicht hätte ich auf die nette anfrage hin doch nen kleines paket an diese firma verschicken sollen. ohne heftchen. dafür mit briefbombe.

„...Der Inhalt dieser eMail ist vertraulich und nur für den oben genannten Empfänger bestimmt, so dass für Dritte jede Speicherung, Verbreitung und Vervielfältigung dieser Nachricht untersagt ist. Falls Sie oder Ihr Arbeitgeber mit der Übersendung von eMails dieser Art im Rahmen unserer Vertragsbeziehung nicht einverstanden sind (ist) oder falls es sich um fehlgeleitete Nachrichten handelt, teilen Sie uns das bitte umgehend...“



ABOUT FUCKING EVERYTHING



Ja, ich gestehe. Auch wenn es schwer fällt, aber ich gebe es zu. Ich habe geweint.
Ja, ich habe geweint als mein Opa am 14. Dezember letzten Jahres zu Grabe getragen wurde.

Erd-
Gewissenhaft
Überfüll
Vo

O.K. werden jetzt viele sagen. Dann hat sie das halt... oder sie sagen, so'n Weichei, wie dummi ist die denn... diesejenigen können gleich aufhören weiter zu lesen und sollten sich In stiller Trauer nehmen wir A vielleicht demnächst wieder an ihre Hatebreed Pätten halten.

614
& Na

Zurück zu den ersten, die vielleicht sogar meinen man könnte ja sagen, dass es ganz normal Man ist um seinen Opa zu trauern.
Mich hat das nämlich dann doch zum Nachdenken gebracht.



Erlösung.
r Dir zu stehen,
1.



Meine Beziehung zu diesem Menschen war nämlich nie so eine romantische Opa-Enkel-Befüddel-Beziehung. Es war eher gar keine.
Ich wusste ja nicht mal was er sagt, wenn ich ihm gegenüberstand, da ich ihn wegen seines furchtbaren Dialektes schon rein gar nicht verstanden habe. Zudem war er wohl der Eschbachweg 32, 61 Mensch auf der Welt, mit dem ich wohl am wenigsten hätte anfangen können, hätte ich ihn auch nur ein bisschen besser gekannt (/verstanden(und wenn nur rein akustisch gesehen- adet auf Wunsch scheiß Dialekt)). Wahrscheinlich hätte ich mich lediglich mit ihm zerstritten und dann sten Familienkre sowieso nie wieder was mit ihm zu tun gehabt. Doch nicht mal dafür war die Beziehung eng genug.

Im Namen seiner Freunde u
Warum also weinen?
Dr. Peter Koberg, Bad Homburg
Klar, ein Leben geht zu Ende... uhhuhu, pathetisch nicht?

Also mal ehrlich. Ich weine ja auch nicht bei jeder Nachricht über einen Autounfall auf der Autobahn, wo mal wieder irgendein Rentner ums Leben gekommen ist. ns der Far
Also, warum weinen?
noch keine Informationen bekommen



War es Selbstmitleid habe ich mich gefragt. Weil ich eben nicht diese tolle Opa-Enkel-Verhättschel-Beziehung hatte?

Wer weiß. Wenn ja wäre es mir auf jeden Fall peinlich, weil das nämlich furchtbar banal wäre und außerdem einfallslos und unreflektiert

Rudolf

13.4.1939

geb. Janik



*Von guten Mächten wunderbar geborgen,
erwarten wir getrost, was kommen mag.
Gott ist mit uns am Abend und am Morgen.*

Zur Beerdigung gibt es noch zu sagen, dass es eine evangelische Beisetzung war. Mit Andacht, der Urne im Mittelpunkt, pathetischen Christen-Liedern und entsprechenden Ansprachen vom Pfarrer. Es war Winter, eiskalt und sehr einsam auf dem Friedhof und in der Kapelle. - Zumindest wirkte es so, trotz der Trauergäste und den paar Heizstrahlern an der Wand der Kapelle. - Die Urne war wirklich schön und rund rum war ganz viel Grünzeug sehr nett aufgebaut, sodass ich die Urne zuerst vollkommen übersehen hatte. Naja, war ja auch meine erste Beerdigung und meine Sehkraft ist auch nicht die beste.

Der Pfarrer erzählte zwischen den Liedern und „extra ausgewählten Psalmen“ eine Kurzbiographie meines Opas. Natürlich so hergerichtet, dass sie äußerst christlich klang und auch den Fremden vermitteln sollte, warum sie diesen Menschen denn eigentlich vermissen sollten. Zwischendrin sagte er oft so was wie, dass unser Leben ein „Geschenk Gottes“ ist und dass wir ja nur zu Gast in „Gottes Haus“ seien und eigentlich immer nur Gast und alles eigentlich nur Gottes Wille sei und so... Nach dem letzten Lied mit herzerreißender Musik und einem Text der im Prinzip oben beschriebenes wiederholte,

folgte ein Hinweis, dass es nachher noch Trauer-Kaffee und Kuchen gebe. Am Höhepunkt der Messe also angelangt wurde plötzlich sehr eindrucksvoll vom Pfarrer auf die Urne eingeredet und gleichzeitig begann die Glocke der Kapelle mit eintönig, durchdringend donnerndem KLONG, KLONG, KLONG zu läuten.

Nun setzte sich der Zug der Dunkelgekleideten hinter dem Pfarrer und den Urnenträgern in Bewegung. Raus aus der Kapelle, zwischen all den anderen Grabsteinen hindurch zum Grab des Heinrich S. Rundherum war alles still. Nur begleitet vom, draußen noch lauter donnernden KLONG, KLONG der Glocke.

Die Stille war die Stille des Winters, kurz bevor der erste Schnee fällt. Alles erstarrt in der eisigen Kälte und plötzlich schweben wie Watte die ersten Flocken vom Himmel. Genau in diesem Moment beschritten wir den kurzen Weg von der Kapelle zum Grab. Da habe ich dann geweint.

Es war die Show. Die Glocke, die Stille, die pathetischen Worte, die herzerreißende Musik. Wie in einem schlechten Hollywood Film. Man durchschaut ihn. Der Held des Films hat unter äußerst fragwürdigen moralischen Grundsätzen das vermeintlich Böse besiegt, bekommt das Mädchen, wird zum König gekrönt und reitet allein in den Sonnenuntergang. Alles umrahmt von berührenden Bildern und tief greifender musikalischer Untermalung.

Man durchschaut es. Ich durchschaue es.
Ich muss trotzdem weinen.

Die Beerdigung f



wortg
Ulrich

Eschbachweg 32, 61

r 2009,



ME
ol
93



Von
erwa
Gott
und
Wir n



Religiöse Institutionen wissen diese Mittel gezielt einzusetzen. Doch wie gezielt, hat mich dann doch erschreckt.

Noch dazu kommt das Gefühl, dass es den Punkt gibt, an dem sich niemand mehr wehren kann. Der Tote kann keinen Widerspruch einlegen, wenn seine Lebensgeschichte in Rahmenbedingungen für einen christlichen Lebensweg zusammengeheuchelt wird.

Wenn das, was von einem in der Welt bleibt, ist, wie einen die Menschen um einen herum in Erinnerung behalten, dann ist es doch das Schlimmste wenn diese aus einem etwas machen, was man im Leben verabscheut hat. Und man selbst ist dem nun wehrlos ausgesetzt.

Zumindest ist man dies, wenn man es, wie mein Opa, in seinem Leben nicht schafft für bestimmte Dinge von grundsätzlicher Bedeutung einzutreten.

Ihm hätte diese ganze Show bestimmt nicht gefallen, doch er war sein ganzes Leben lang evangelisch und hat sich davon nie klar distanziert. Er hat sich nicht einmal gegen eine evangelische Beisetzung ausgesprochen, denn es muss ja alles seine Ordnung haben. (Noch ein weiterer Grund ein Fremder für mich zu sein.)

Ich finde es so traurig, wenn Menschen nicht einmal zu kleinen Verbesserungen in ihrem Leben fähig sind, obwohl sie sehr wahrscheinlich durchaus merken, dass etwas faul ist. Und es macht mich wütend wenn sie ahnen, ja sogar von einigen Ursachen wissen, die verantwortlich für ihre schlechte Situation sind und doch nicht den geringsten Schritt in die Richtung gehen in der die Beseitigung der Missstände liegt und in der schon durch kleine Aktionen eine Verbesserung der momentanen Situation erreicht werden kann. Aber dieser erste Schritt verlangt zumindest einen klaren Standpunkt und birgt das Risiko an alten Mauern anzuecken.

Doch ist ein Leben bis zu einem Ende wie dem von Heinrich S. nicht das abschreckenste Beispiel der Alternative?

Warum gibt es so viele Heinrich S.?

* 25. 12. 1947

In tiefer Trauer
Joachim



innen, immer auf der Suche,
gesehen, die Hilfe nicht ge-
rgenheit und Liebe begegnen,
cht gefunden hast.

Thoma

† 29. 1. 2000



Dr. P

* 24. 9.

bedar

Es hat mir sehr gehor-
ihn auf seinen

Ger



hasst!



er

2. 19

ter

bevol



PS. Als wir dann am Grab waren, ging der Pfarrer herum und schüttelte allen die Hand. Ich hielt mich mit meinem verquollenen Gesicht im Hintergrund und hoffte übersehen zu werden. Ich dachte, dass er jetzt jedem sein Beileid ausdrücken würde, und dass ich das von solch einer Person gerade nicht verkraften könnte.

Dann entdeckte er mich doch und schüttelte mir als letzte die Hand. Also, dachte ich, ich erbege mich jetzt meinem Schicksal und lasse ein „Mein herzliches Beileid“ über mich ergehen.

Doch es kam noch viel schlimmer.

Mit seinem gnädigsten Gesichtsausdruck erklärte er mir weich: „Gott mit dir!“

Das war nun definitiv zuviel. Ich lief auch noch rot an, diesmal vor Wut.

Von meiner Reaktion war ich allerdings mehr als enttäuscht, denn trotz der Wut im Bauch brachte ich, wegen dem Kloß im Hals, nur ein fauchendes „Bestimmt nicht!“ ihm gegenüber

heraus, welches er auch noch gewollt gnädig lächelnd überhörte!

Das war einer der prägenden Momente, in denen man genau weiß, warum man Religion

* 25. 12. 1947

trauer

Oli und Corinna



by

Verena

FORIAM

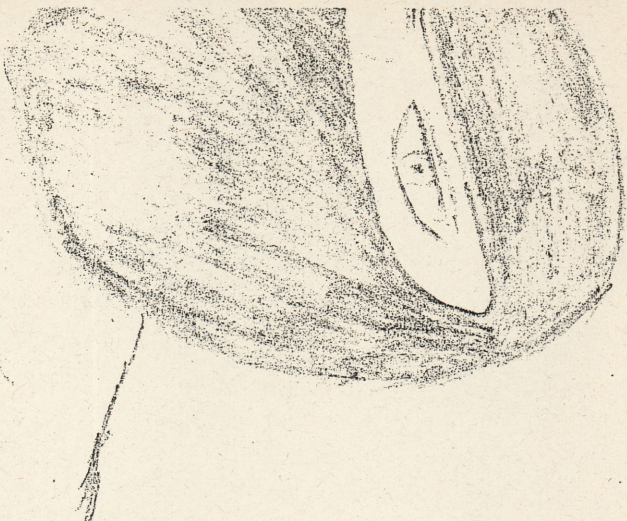
Stange

- 24. 1. 1997



er wunderbar geborgen,
st, was kommen mag.
Abend und am Morgen
jedem neuen Tag.
(Dietrich Bonhoeffer)

SEE THROUGH THE BLACK MASKS...



crash. windows crash, in less than three minutes the car burns like hell. black is the smoke that makes its way through the air and black are the flags that are

raised above the crowd of black-dressed people.

"extremism is always stupid, right-wing or left-wing", I hear you say, sitting in front of the tv-screen and watching the news. "these people should all be punished for the crimes they committed."

obey the law, whatever it tells you to do. if it tells you that you don't have the right to enter that forest, because it now belongs to a big company - obey the law!

if it forbids you to be in the part of town where nazis are marching down your home-road right now - obey the law!

if it tells you to give access to your private phone-call-data to the state - don't dare to protect yourself - obey the law!

if it tells you it is ok to lock animals in small cages and murder them brutally, it is ok. remember: the law is always right. obey the law!

if it tells you people don't have the right to a needed amount of food, if they are not willing to do shit jobs for one euro, it is right! obey the law!

if the state takes your home away from you to build a huge factory there and the law forbids it and they change the law, so you have no right to live there anymore - obey the law!

if it tells you all protesters, that don't obey the law are terrorists - it's right - obey the law!

what is terrorism? extremism? what is extreme? and why is it always wrong? you pretend to be "the middle"? not left, not right, an "independent thinker"? yeah, that's fine...for those who make the law. oh sorry, I forgot you were independent.

our lives are threatened, the whole earth is threatened. surveillance, control and destruction increases rapidly, every day more. extreme, isn't it? see through the black masks, don't be afraid! listen to your heart, not to the law. don't be afraid!

Räuchertofu-Gurken-Auflauf (ca. 1 Glas)

1/2 Pk. Räuchertofu
30 g Sonnenblumenkerne (o.a. Kerne)
Knoblauch
8-10 g Hefe-Flocken
2-3 EL Olivenöl
etwas Salatgurke kleingeschnitten
Salz, Curry, Zitronensaft

Kerne anrösten, dann alles
pürieren → fertig

**VEGANISM-
We Can Do It!**



Apfel-Schoko-Muffins

1 Apfel
111 Backpulver
0,5 TL Ingwer gemahlen
260 g Mehl
0,5 TL Muskatnuss
1 Pk. Salz
0,5 TL Sternanis
1 TL Zimt
125 g brauner Zucker
3 EL Schokostreusel (vegan)
75 ml Öl
150 ml Sojamilch

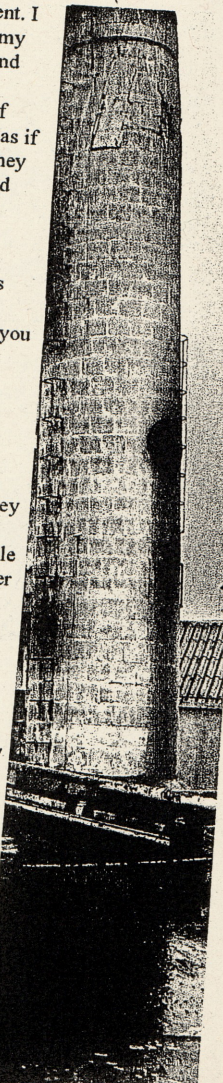
Trockenes mischen, Apfel klein-
schneiden und mit Schoko unterrühren
bei 180°C 25 min. backen!

About false expectations, compassion and rage

Fuck. So much disinterest. So much NOT caring, that it really pisses me off and makes me sad at the same time. I want to cry, at the same time i want to beat the shit out of you for that comment.

Why is it that i discover mostly at school how stupid people are? I'm really glad I soon won't see some of these people anymore, because school is finally over. This is not the kind of group where i feel good, where i have the desire to communicate, because communication is mostly on a superficial level. Sometimes that can be fun, sure, but in the next moment i feel that i don't fit in there, that this is not my world. We were watching a film about the global food market, about the increasing global production of food and animals, that showed on many examples the absurdity and cruelty of globalization. Although i had watched the film before, i found it very interesting. I had watched it with my parents and then with a friend of mine some time ago and i thought they understood what happened there, how absurd it is to waste tons of food everyday while in other countries people don't even have water to drink, how our whole production tends to move away from regional structures to global ones and that this somehow a dangerous process for our environment and us. Even if this did not have an effect on what they buy or so on i thought they were impressed by the film in a negative way. Then we watched the film at school, i was naive to think that it would have the same effect on my classmates to see these things, i expected silence and interest. They were talking, didn't even watch while i thought it was necessary that they realized these things. But no way, no interest at all. Instead of that questions like: Can we go? Oh this film is so fucking boring, could we please stop? For them it was just another film, they knew that these things happened in reality, but it seemed as if they didn't care. It was just accepted, as if it would be necessary. Jokes or stupid comments in moments that were so fuckin serious. When the „chicken-scene“ came which they demanded to see, because our teacher had said it would be kind of disgusting, they just laughed. They laughed and made jokes while they saw how thousands of little chicken were thrown on a

production-line as products, even while 8-months old chicken were hung up on their feet to be killed by a machine the next moment. I felt sadness and anger and i lost a bit of my hope in that moment. How can we demand animal and human rights, fight against injustices or environmental destruction, if most people don't care about it? It seems as if this new generation is so hardened that they do not realize what injustice is. How could they be convinced that killing animals is wrong, if they don't even feel compassion when they see the most cruel and most obvious form of animal exploitation in this machinery? All these things are right now happening around you, on your world and you can do something against it! But my classmates don't want to change this status, even if they find some things bad in some way, and i know the majority of them will take part in that process that I want to stop. They will become managers, lead the concerns of tomorrow, because even now they have taken the hierarchical and profit-maximizing-capitalism as something desirable in life. So i think it's getting harder and harder to make people realize the the injustices that happen on this planet, because they are not affected by them until now. „Why should i care how many food is thrown away, i have enough food. Why should i care about the circumstances under which my products are produced, I can go to the supermarket and buy whatever i want. Why should i care about millions of animals being murdered every day, they taste so good. Why should i watch such aboring film, i want party.“ i can't stand your ignorance and disinterest anymore, i wish you were not the ones that decide over the future of this planet. But you will...and i will. And i know some people i go to school with today will be the ones i will fight against tomorrow.



KELSTERBACH - FOREST OCCUPATION

~ FORESTS NOT AIRPORTS ~

This is my personal view of how I experienced the protest camp and should also give a (very incomplete) résumé of the last time of the camp. I know there are tons of other views from all kinds of people and there are so many aspects, so this is not at all to be seen as a statement from the camp, these are ONLY my views and I do not speak for others.

I'm glad it happened. And I'm glad it happened near to where I live. Because I probably wouldn't have gotten up my ass to visit a protest camp far away. Now I think I would... I had heard from it, some trees were squatted in Kelsterbach near Frankfurt to resist the planned building of a new landing runway there. Platforms were hung up in the trees and on that Sunday, when they were told to leave, about 500 people came to the forest, showed their solidarity and informed themselves and there was a rather good echo in the press. That was in May 2008.

But when I first arrived there in the summer it was more than just some platforms and banners, a little camp with tents, constructions in the trees and a good provided kitchen and some people there working, cooking, climbing, reading and organizing lots of things. On that day I sat in a tree in a hammock about 15 meters high with Tyle talking and playing clarinet for the first time.

And now? Now it's February 2009, the camp has been evicted last week and the machines crushed everything down that has been a living space for many people and also animals, tree houses and huts that have been built in days and weeks and months of hard work and – all around that – a huge forest, that protected the people and was home for animals of all kinds.

It feels terrible, senseless destruction and the thought that you couldn't prevent it. But it still feels good to have met so many wonderful people and to be a part of the resistance.

Since summer I sometimes went down to the camp for one or two days, sometimes a bit longer. The warm days by the lake were beautiful, you could just walk 2 minutes to swim and the water was really clean, not like all the other lakes around my home. It was an exciting place, young and old people came together, trying to organize their protest and their living. But it was just a place that I visited; I couldn't really take part in all the camp life, because I hardly knew any people and always just stayed for a short time. I felt like it was a project I really wanted to be part of, but couldn't. When I arrived people were busy doing whatever, or just sitting by the fire, and didn't recognize the visitors. I could understand that, they lived there and all the time people arrived and went away again, you just can't welcome everybody anytime. But still I had many good moments there and got to know people better.





Every time I arrived, the camp had developed and I saw lots of protesters I hadn't seen before. There was a free university with workshops, a bike repair station, compost toilets, lots of artists visited the camp for concerts, of course the tree houses were getting better and there was a well organized food plan. Mostly everything cooked was vegan, sometimes freegan. We got food donations from markets, bakeries and private persons. It was an always changing process, young people came from all over Germany and from countries you wouldn't even imagine they all arrived from there to take part in that protest. Also many older people who lived in the area, were organized in local citizens' groups and partly fought against airport

expansion since they were young visited the camp very often and supported the squatters with lots of food and money. Every Sunday cake and coffee was served and families, locals and activists visited the forest and discussed about how to continue. Communication and cooperation between (mostly) young squatters and (mostly) older activists from the citizen's groups worked very well most of the time and I think both have learned a lot from that good work. I remember when one told us he was so lucky there were suddenly so much youngsters involved in that fight he fought for years, and that we inspired him to continue and start new actions with us. And then I spoke with folks at the age of my grandparents who had been involved in the huge struggle against "Startbahn West", a runway at Frankfurt Airport which had been finally built around 1984. I listened to the stories they told, nearly everyone from the area had taken part in that fight, it had been such a big movement with so many people fighting and supporting; and I wondered how radical they were in their age. Pictures I had seen in books came to my mind and I thought of the protest camps that had been built in the forest not that far away from where I stood. But I, and everyone who was there, knew that this would not happen again, no one aspired that it would get that big again. It was over and, although it was the same struggle, this was something new.

About four months ago Tyle, who was one of the few persons I knew better, wanted to start a street theatre group. That was when a big group of individuals came together who had different ideas of colourful and creative forms of protest. Some came, some went away and with the time it developed. We created a little street theatre performance in which the forest workers cut down all the trees with their chain saws and then all the airplanes flew above. This performance was played in different cities in the region on the streets, there was music and information. At that time the Fraport AG, which is the company behind the airport, had already started to take "preparing measures" – means that animals like bats were caught to relocate them and little woods were cut, there came also much protest against these actions out of the camp, so the police showed up even more often like they did already.

At the end of November the camp was threatened again, because the mayor of Kelsterbach would not accept permanent huts and loud music in the forest and threatened to evict the camp. So there was set up a "Unräumbar"-festival for two days in the forest with concerts, bar, performances, workshops and other cultural program to show that the given laws would not be accepted and to celebrate with as much people as possible. And it worked, as much people as never before came to forest that weekend. The big BI-hut that has been built by the local groups became the centre of the camp in the cold months, there was always fire in the oven and everyone was sitting, lying or sleeping on couches and mattresses. During the camp it offered enough space to have the concerts and a bar there. Having a whole lot of people singing the song "Monsterräumung" at the first gig of Sophia and Tyle was really a great moment I won't forget. After the festival was over the camp had not been evicted, so normal camp life appeared again. I went more often down to the camp and we started to build stilts to walk on demonstrations.

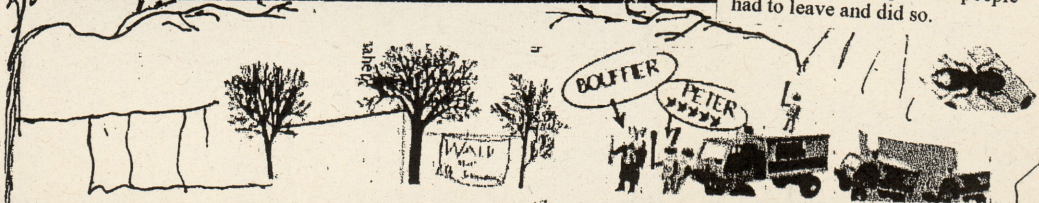
At the end of the year I went to the JUKKS (youth environment congress in Germany) in Frankfurt, because Tyle and Captain, whom I didn't know at the time, gave a Rebel-Clown-workshop there. I was excited about clowning, had I seen clowns at different happenings before and always loved how they brought colour and fun into protest, but never had the opportunity to do a workshop. Now it was suddenly there – what can I say: I could not have had a better group of people to do this with, the days were simply amazing. On the last day of December there was an anti-prison demonstration and a street rave in Frankfurt, but I decided to begin the new year in the forest. All the years before, I remembered, I had been to some house party of schoolmates just getting amazingly drunk. This time I didn't feel the need to drink one drop of alcohol at all. We sat down by the beautiful lake and guessed it must be midnight, because we heard the fireworks from the city. The lake waited for us, so I took a bath in the dark water and later slept outside on the platform. It was a good beginning of the new year, but it had the result that I spent the next week at home in bed with a terrible bronchitis. I watched the local news in TV and saw all the others occupying the airport-terminal. Shitty that I couldn't be there, but seeing them all on TV doing this made me smile.

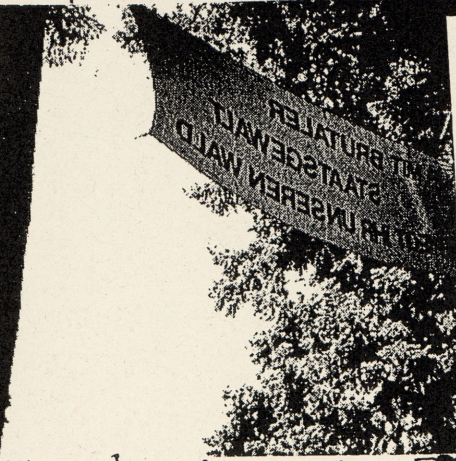
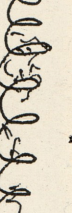
January should be a month where a lot would happen. On the 13th of January Fraport started to build fences in the forest around the territory that should be cleared and shot some wild pigs, some could be liberated again. In the evening the fence suddenly disappeared in a mysterious way. The day after a big demonstration under the slogan "Fight for social progress" took place in Frankfurt, and the topic anti-airport-expansion was very present and I saw many yellow flags with the logo in the demo, which was cool, because there was never much interest in that topic within the radical left. Most of us were on stilts on an action for the first time and it was also my first time as a clown on a demo. A hell lotta fun, that night felt so damn good. On the following Saturday protest at the airport, which felt not so good again, because only about 200/300 People came out. The street was blocked, two people arrested. On the 20th of January it started to get dangerous for the camp. Fraport built a fence around the whole camp, started with cutting the forest and the police tried to dig out the bunker in the earth, an activist sat down there. Just after work I went to Kelsterbach, walking through the forest while seeing police cars everywhere, that fence and the whole forest full of cops and securities. Until in the evening they worked at the bunker and cut the activist free who had locked himself under the earth. A few hundred people were there and no one knew if the camp would be evicted in the night or the next morning. Everyone was up in the trees and urged people to stay for the night, there were all kinds of rumours...eviction yes or no? I left the camp at night with a very bad conscience and was happy the next day not getting a sms at work. From that day the camp was under control 24/7, underpaid securities and lots of police were there all the time; at night huge and loud generator-lamps were started, so there was no silence anymore. Anyone who wanted to go inside the camp was controlled and had to give their personal dates, sleeping bags and climbing material were not allowed anymore.

People from inside the camp tried to stop the clear cutting in the next time, harvesters and trees were squatted many times and people who did participate in these actions had to deal with massive repression by the police. Many were forbidden to access the forest area again until the end of February, when the first period of cutting should be over, but in numerous nightly hours people got in again and again, climbing the fence or running in the camp few metres from a police car. The following demonstration was very powerful and angry, about 1000 people marched through the forest, tore down and destroyed great parts of the fence around the camp and harvesters were squatted again. The cops were a bit confused and wouldn't let the people into the camp, but then they had to let them. Sadly in the evening a new fence was built again under massive police control. Kelsterbach's major said that he would no longer uphold the complaint against Fraport and make a deal with them, means that he wanted to sell the forest to them, while he had claimed never to do this in the past.



So more than 500 upset citizens and activists marched through the city of Kelsterbach, the first demo outside of the forest, and tried to get in the camp, where police made massive controls. But still not enough locals could be mobilized at that day. On the following Monday a few hundred people made their way into the room where local politicians should decide the sale of the forest and the major had to leave under police protection. As I spent most of my time in or around the camp and there were rumours about a near eviction again, I decided to be ill and spent a few days in the camp. Because of the stress and the psychological pressure from outside also personal problems were more present in the camp, some people had to leave and did so.





Again there were direct actions, always ended by the police after a few hours, but still successful in not being lethargic or just staying inside the camp and in constraining the cutting and hunting from animals. From outside there was not much action, but still people came to the camp and donated money and vegan food.

I experienced really great moments in these days, slept on a tree house a few times while I always had been sleeping at the bottom before, and spent all my time with so much people I really learned to love.

There was always enough food and I ate so much good stuff like never before. And sometimes you just find a huge block of vegan chocolate, melt it on the oven and then someone turns up with a bike trailer full of contained fruit. Unbelievable good.

The police allowed themselves more and more to come into the camp everyday with another silly excuse and film and photograph everything and look how everything works. We couldn't really do anything against it, except for being in the trees every time they came and make fun of them. But it became a dangerous routine. I couldn't stay in the camp all the time because of my civilian service and so I visited them and in the evening left without knowing if it all still would be there tomorrow.

On the morning of the 18th of February, I had just started to work, I got the SMS. "Forest camp gets evicted! Come as fast as you can!" My heart broke inside myself. I worked until school was over, but could not concentrate on the kids, my thoughts were at the camp and I imagined how the cops took my friends out of the trees. When I arrived at the entrance of the camp, not so many people were there, but still one I hadn't seen for a while. The atmosphere was rather sad than aggressive and most people had been taken out already, only in the last tree house there were two activists locked. We had to watch how they took them out and then just tore the whole tree down, the tree house in that I had slept a week before crushing to the bottom and splitting into pieces. My foot kicked against the fence, the anger mixed with unbelievable sadness. They destroyed everything, even the BI-hut as a symbol for the protest. We were allowed to take all our things out and I was one of the few who could go near the camp in the evening, which was a really strange feeling. I had such a hate for these fuckin cops, but I couldn't do anything because I would have threatened the others. And these weren't my things that I carried out. We walked onto the fence where police were standing from the one side; a few hundred people had just arrived from the other side. But what I hoped did not occur. No fence torn down, not even shaking, no aggression. I felt sad. In the evening we all did meet again at the picket (Mahnwache), that had been set up some hundred metres away some time before. So good to see everyone again, talking at the fire until night.

1/16/18

1/16/18

1/16/18



You'll never
get us down

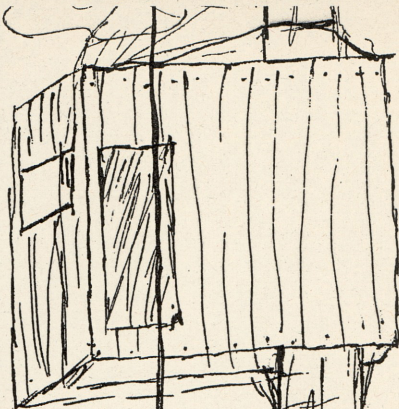
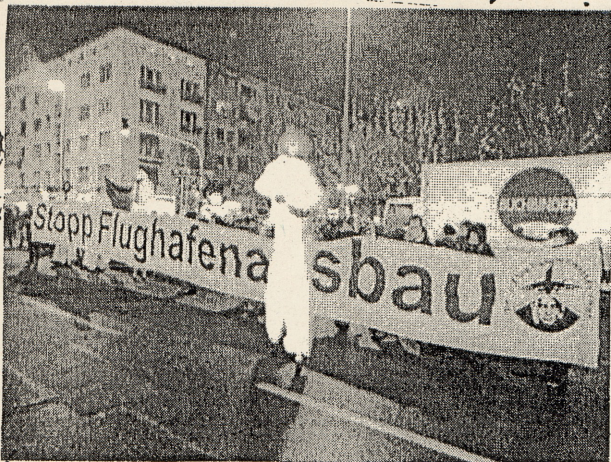
made in the night
after the eviction
on my way home

Actually I wanted to see Shades of Grey and some other great bands in Mainz that evening, but there were other things in my mind. The following days were spent with realizing what had happened and talking a lot. On Saturday there should be a demo in the forest again, hopefully with more people. At that day an empty house at the cutting area that belonged to Fraport was squatted and two activists hung up a banner in the trees before the house. After the protest in the forest a car caravan should be lead to that house. Police was there soon and just saw the two people in the trees, thinking that would be easy. Suddenly 5 people climbed out of the house onto the roof and the cops looked like they thought: "What the fuck...?" Press was there and soon the people from the car caravan appeared, but were stopped before the house. The police was very aggressive that day, because they were angry that the eviction hadn't stopped the protest. One woman was seriously hurt at the arm by the cops and although she had to be driven to hospital they carried her to the police station and forced her violently to give her fingerprints. One of the clowns has been pointed at with a gun because he had painted a peace symbol on the dust of a police car.

Right know the "little" camp still exists and can be visited. The old camp has been completely crushed down and fenced, but the trees still stand. Most of the area has been cut down already, now Fraport can't cut because of a law that should protect the birds there, how paradox is that. They plan to end the runway in 2011. The local initiatives brought up a petition for a referendum, we'll see what that brings. In the summer a big resistance-festival is planned in the forest, maybe a little climate camp. Inform yourself and come over. The struggle is not over yet! For more actual information:

<http://waldbesetzung.blogspot.de>





Sure, there were many problems in the everyday life of the camp, there was disrespectful behaviour, a lack of engagement for the group, even physical violence existed. But for many people it was also a place where they experienced an alternative to the outside world for the first time. There were many discussions about sexism, forms of environmental protest, animal rights and veganism, political correctness and about how to behave in such a big group of individuals. I'm sure it was a problem that many people got into the project with totally different demands and expectations and were then highly disappointed or hurt. It's good to speak about fundamental principles of such a project with all people involved and then find a consensus and write it down, so others know what to expect. But that project showed me that something like this is possible and how beautiful it can be to actually create an alternative to all the shit we experience in this world sometimes. We have so much power inside ourselves, let's use it for good! I want to thank everyone I got to know in and around the camp. All those people I could spend so much beautiful time with and will hopefully do so in the future, I truly love you all. And of course...all my Bananarquist@!

To nights where the stars shine so bright trough the leaves of the forests...



these blue beings

I see these beings, they used to be green, now they are all blue, mostly. I wonder how often they change their colour. They were there since i can think. My parents once had these friends, one of them such a being. When i was young i didn't waste a thought on why they were like they were...they were just there and i was told it was necessary, because otherwise some things would not go as easy as now. For me that was ok. You see them on tv sometimes, they even wear these black shields and white helmets. They all look the same then, like an army of turtles with helmets and only two legs.

Did you see them driving around in the streets today? I don't know who they are, they wouldn't tell me, but somehow i don't feel safe when they're around. That's weird, because many people said they are the ones who are responsible for my safety. I

was also told they are everyone's friend and helper. I was thinking. I have friends and i often help people that i like or that couldn't be friends with everybody. How do they plan birthday-parties for their friends, if they have to invite everybody? Weird...I haven't had such a being. When i was 8 or 9 years old one of them came to my school and told us about risks in road traffic. He also drove around with us on his bike. Then he said that my bike wasn't safe enough to drive with it. and now this green thing wanted to forbid me to ride my bike? For a long time, i saw them in contact with the suspect beings, i saw them when traffic light was red, but they were allowed to. Who did they think they were? I remember i found it unjust that i was forbidden to ride my bike, but they were allowed to. Who did they think they were? know if they knew it, but clear was: they had more power than other people! My suspicion became even clearer when i saw the beings on a big march one day. Either they ran after a group of people or they arrested someone. They had guns and sticks because of this that i don't feel safe when they're around. I grew up, they were always present, they never disappeared, they're not one of us, somehow. I they are normal to me and to my friends. But still dark-blue beings with their helmets, their guns, their cars. I have the feeling they threaten me, but i see they are respected. I don't have the feeling that they belong here, being. Strange world! I even know people who want to become such a being. Last week i went down the city with some people and a dose of colour to make all these boring white looking things more interesting. It was hell lotta fun and looked good. Suddenly they were there, appearing out of nowhere, shouting at us. I didn't know who they were, but then i recognized their colour they had. Ah, the blue ones...they forced us to come to a building where they photographed us and asked questions. They even took my gloves. I couldn't understand why, maybe they didn't like the colour. I also don't like dark-blue, but i won't take away their guns, would i?

„How could that be?“, I was helped me, but i parties to celebrate with been invited yet by to my school and told us bikes, which was cool, but Pah, i drove it for months Then i didn't get in on the streets but that was when traffic light was red, I didn't know it and i didn't power than other people! My on a big march one day. Either someone. They had guns and sticks because of this that i don't feel safe present, they never disappeared, they're not one of us, somehow. I dark-blue beings with their helmets, their me, but i see they are respected. I being. Strange world! and a dose of colour to make all It was hell lotta fun and looked out of nowhere, shouting at us. I didn't colour they had. Ah, the blue they photographed us and asked understand why, maybe they didn't won't take away their guns, would i?

Why are they here? Who sent them? And why are they so mean? They are not my friends, nor did they help me at anytime! They are not like us, blue and all the same. Everyone is different, but they're all the same. I don't trust them, no matter what colour they have, no matter who they pretend to be, no matter how much they tell me they want my best.

how long will they be here? Forever? Terrible thought...

tomorrow all gone? Lovely....



Riding fast, riding together, taking back what's mine...

Although I didn't know this guy, although I'm not a bike messenger myself, although fucking accidents where bikers are hurt by car drivers happen everyday in this world, although all that it kind of touched me and made me so angry. A 20 year old bike messenger from Wiesbaden was hit by a car that crossed red lights. His lights were green; he turned left and was totally hit by that sucker. As I write this he is still in an artificial coma, his condition has stabilized, so thankfully he will probably survive it. But he also could be dead by now. Some people might say: Well, you risk that if you are a messenger. But where have we come, if you must be afraid to ride a bike in a city on the street where it's supposed to be? People aren't used to bike drivers on the streets anymore, you think the streets only belong to you? Then you are wrong, totally. I first heard of that accident after the "König von Frankfurt,-alleycat, which was my first one (well, I organized one before in my town, but more to that another time maybe). After the race the place was filled with about 30 people. There was an after race-party planned in the cellar of a building. After everyone finished the race an recovered from it a messenger took the word and told everyone about what happened to the guy in Wiesbaden. We dedicated the critical mass to the party place to him that night. And it felt fucking good to ride with so many people.

Soon after that Frankfurt's messengers announced that there was going to be a critical mass in Wiesbaden for the first time to get attention for the accident and show that city that pedestrians have a right to be respected on the street as well. Also the concept of CM should be established there, so it would take part every month. On that day there was also an alleycat in Mainz, which is not far away from Wiesbaden. So it could be combined perfectly. At Haus Mainusch, where the alleycat was supposed to start and which is probably the best place for concerts around with the nicest people and a nice wagon place, should be a concert on Friday. So I decided to grab my bike and hoped for a great weekend. The bands on this evening were Der Mann, der sich steil bergab stürzt, Revenge from Mars, Civil Victim. DMDSSBS didn't excite me musically too much, but they were still good and definitely seem to be cool people. I was curious about Revenge from Mars, because they come from Hessen and played around several times, but I always missed them before. Yeah, the show was good. They all wore white, played very cool experimental hardcore and had different science-fiction-film scenes projected on themselves and the wall during the whole concert, which produced together with the music a show of a different kind. The last band was Civil Victim, simple and fast 80's hc/punk in your face! What a shame that there weren't too much people in the concert room to watch them, but they still rocked. After that we sang and danced to pop and schlager-hits until late at night.

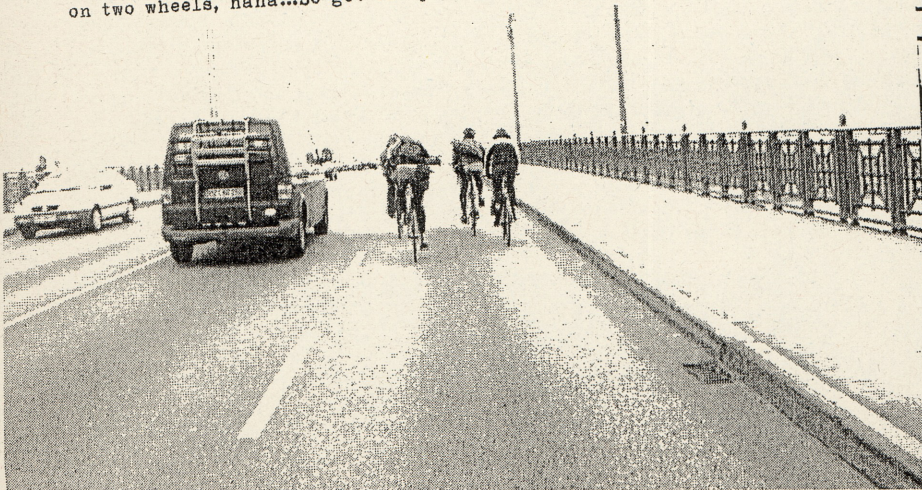


The next day began with coffee and a delicious breakfast consisting of pancakes, fruit, bread with spread and seitan made by merle and nikki. At 12.15 I headed for Wiesbaden CM, but as I didn't know the exact way I rode wrong several times, came out at a street where bicycles weren't really allowed anymore, turned around and then rode ways I thought couldn't be right and resigned to reach the main station timely. I arrived half an hour too late, luckily they were still there: People from Frankfurt, messengers and other people from Wiesbaden and Mainz, for some the first CM to ride. That first Wiesbaden CM was for Hermann, the hurt messenger. It was not so long, but still good and with two wheelz-up's (one in front of a big theatre and a restaurant for rich people, I wrote something about that in another text in this zine). At the end there even was a man with a camera who wanted to show something about

it in a local tv-station I think. Hopefully CM will get bigger there in the next few months...

And as we all together rode to Mainz for the alleycat, I got the feeling again how lovely it is to ride within a big group of people rather than alone. I mean, also riding alone can be great, but I wish were more people around my little city with whom I could ride more often.

The Mainz-Alleycat was pretty cool organized and there were a lot of people taking part, about 20 or so. It was long, but definitely fun; so you had to buy a beer, drink it and burp as loud as you could, climb a parcour on a playground, ride to Wiesbaden again and perform several more tasks. After $3 \frac{1}{2}$ hours me and Nina, with whom I rode, arrived at Mainusch. Under all the fast messengers we made the last place, but who cares? Fun is what it's all about! I hope there will be more non-messengers next time, it's not an elite thing, everyone can have fun on two wheels, haha...So get off your ass next time!



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"as this giant steamroller called progress
mows down the last fragments of what once
was. no words can explain the rage as
another factory replaces another field. no
words, no words can relay."

tragedy-no words



Fliegen

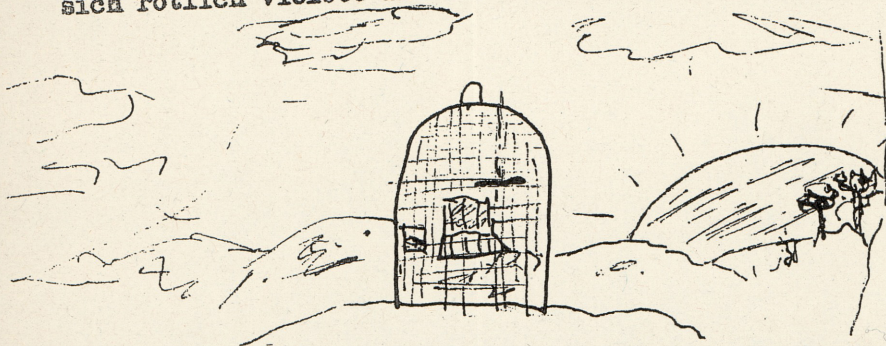


„Fliegen können“, dachte sich der Vogel, der im Käfig in der Küche neben dem Fenster saß. Haben nicht nur Engel Flügel? Nein, Wildgänse haben welche.

Kanarienvögel nicht, gestutzt, abgeschnitten, mit glühenden Eisen verbrannt. Schnabel verstümmelt. Keine Spur von Leben, keine Bedrohung, kein Sich-wehren-können.

Ein Spiegel, in dem soll er sich anschauen können. Er schaut schon längst nicht mehr da rein, er schaut aus dem Fenster, schaut auf Wildgansschwärme. Sie ziehen gen Süden und die Umrisse ihrer Flügel schwingen majestätisch in der Abendsonne. Der kleine Spiegel ist matt, er spiegelt nicht mehr. Ein fauliger Duft erfüllt den Raum.

Am Boden liegt einer und ist unterwegs nach Süden. Und die Flügel schwingen breit und der Himmel färbt sich rötlich violett und versinkt am Ende der Welt.



Vor kurzem ist mir etwas passiert, worüber ich im Nachhinein erst richtig nachgedacht habe; es lässt diesen Text ziemlich blöd erscheinen. Er ist mir jetzt wieder in die Hände gefallen und macht mich ein bisschen traurig und wütend auf mich selbst. In der Schule, in der ich meinen Zivildienst mache, saß am Nachmittag ein kleiner Kanarienvogel auf dem Baum. Verschiedene LehrerInnen versuchten, ihn mit Futter herunterzuholen, vergeblich. Ich wurde um Hilfe gebeten, schließlich kamen durch Zufall die Menschen dazu, aus deren Wohnung der Vogel entflohen war. Der Käfig wurde geholt und ich stieg dann damit auf eine Leiter zu ihm hinauf und wartete, bis er dann irgendwann hineinkletterte. Sie bedankten sich vielmals bei mir und verschwanden. Erst später wurde mir bewusst, dass ich völlig unkritisch gehandelt hatte und diesen Vogel wieder in sein Gefängnis auf der Fensterbank irgendeiner Hochhausküche gebracht hatte. Vielleicht wäre er sonst in den folgenden Tagen draußen erfroren oder verhungert. Vielleicht ist er aber in diesen Tagen auch in seinem Käfig gestorben und nun schon auf dem Weg woanders hin. Sie haben's wahrscheinlich nicht mal bemerkt...

VASELINE CHILDREN

Vaseline Children come from Zagreb, Croatia and play fast hc/punk with a strong diy attitude...I got my hands on their 7" some time ago and liked it. When I told Nils that I still needed some interviews for the zine, he told me they would play very soon in Haus Mainusch for the second time and that they would have some interesting things to say...I followed his advice and asked them some questions before the show. Was not disappointed: Nice people with a love for diy hc/punk, bikes and zines! How lovely, haha...Too sad VC and FxPxOx, with whom they played the tour, are both breaking up. There were not many people at the concert, but they both kicked ass! Thanks, here we go:

Hey Vaseline Children. Can you please give us first a short introduction on the bands history? Who are you, when did you start the band and what did you release on so far?

Zhbla: I'm Zhbla, the guitarist of Vaseline Children. We started almost 3 years ago. In the beginning it was just me and Gajo, the drummer. In that moment I wasn't in any band, he was on a short hiatus with his old band. We had a lot of time and a lot of good ideas and were pretty pissed off about the state of the croatian punk scene, cause it was pretty much stagnating, nothing new was happening and not enough people were critical about it. We wanted a straight forward hardcore punk band, just with the attitude to do something new and we started playing just for ourselves. Later on we found these two guys by accident, thats when we became VC. The bass-player is Kiki and the vocals are done by Cane. We have some recordings out, like any other band. A self-titled CD on a few balkan labels, a 7" on Trashbastard from Berlin and a few others. This is our 2nd european tour. So far so good.

I read you didn't plan to start a straightedge band, but it did happen somehow, so you don't want to preach straightedge or sing about it. Do you think straightedge and hc/diy-punk belong somehow together or is it something separate for you? Because I feel often that those two are separated.

Cane: I guess it's only in Europe that there is a straightedge-hc scene and diy/hc-punk scene. But in Croatia it's a small scene, so it was always seen as one scene at whole. There are only a few straightedge bands in balkan, so I see straightedge and hc/punk is the same



thing, at least to us. It shouldn't be separated like it is in Europe.

Zhbla: Yeah, actually we didn't look for straightedge-members. In that time when we started the band I was still rather fresh in the straightedge-scene, cause I started drinking when I was 12 and did it for a very very long time. I understood what straightedge was all about, but it just came that time in my life where I felt „that's enough from alcohol and stuff like that“. We didn't search for any straightedge-members, asked a lot of girls and boys to join our band, but in the end these two guys just came along. The singer didn't even know that the bass player is straightedge, we never talked about it. It happened that the four of us found ourselves together as individuals, it had nothing to do with straightedge. I think it is just one of the things that belong to the diy/hc-punk scene from the beginning. It's also a personal issue and also a part of diy scene, nothing more nothing less.



Kiki: Yes, for us and for me personally straightedge is part of punk movement. We are also punks and straightedgers. VC wasn't supposed to be a straightedge band, but it came like this.

Zhbla: We still are not a straightedge band, we are a hc/punk band.

Kiki: Yes, it's a personal choice, if one of us starts to drink: No problem, because it's just personal.

Do you see that whole punk thing as a thing that you do for yourselves, living diy, having a background of friends, getting out your anger through music? Or do you think it can be or is part of a bigger political protest movement?

Zhbla: For me definitely hc/punk is just one part of a bigger idea. Because trough it I was introduced into stuff like anarchism, animal and human rights and stuff like that, so I went on, built up on this. It's one of the things that functions for me on various issues. I get my frustration through it, I go and play a good gig or practice and get off all my anger. But I also try to change myself and my views, be critical towards myself and other people that are in it. I learn new information through hc/punk and it's just a good view on life itself, it can be very helpful in organizing yourself. It has told me so much more than just music. It told me how to organize my real life, how to behave in contact with other people, how to be honest towards myself, how to implement diy-ideas into my regular life.

Kiki: For me hc/punk is political, emotional, personal, it's everything. And it should be everything, it must be looked upon to on personal level.

Gajo: Also for me it's much more than music. Even though it has also to do a lot with music, but we are not in it for the music, more for ourselves and for the people.

Cane: Through all the ideas that we learned trough it, at least I hope it makes me a better person than I would be without it. For me it's one of the main things in life. I'm really happy that I'm part of it and it helped me getting through much hard times.

Sometimes I experience punk shows as a place where new people are not really welcome. Where it's more like an elitist scene where everybody that doesn't fit in is being looked upon. In the comment to your song „Dropdead“ you write: „...let's face it: diy hardcore/punk scene isn't for everyone...“ But shouldn't everyone be given the chance to learn and look on what exists besides all that consume-culture? And doesn't the scene then run the risk of getting more exclusive to others and not open?

Cane: That song is about having tons of bands that use hc/punk scene to become something big. At the same time they want to play hc/punk shows and want to be on MTV, so I guess it's not for everyone. The song is not directed to new people in the scene.

Zhbla: It's not a general topic, it's a specific topic about a specific band from Croatia. But it's not for everyone, you gotta face it: Not everything is for everyone. Anarchism is not for everyone, veganism is not for everyone. It

depends on your mentality, if you find yourself in it, ok. But there are a lot of people that don't find themselves in it, but they're trying to abuse it, use it as a step on the ladder to something else. And sometimes in that context it's a negative attitude towards the scene. Cause in the end it fucks up all the good work the people who are dedicated to the scene have done, somebody comes and tramples all over it. But we're always cool with new kids in the scene. You can see if somebody has an honest open opinion, wants to learn, have fun and meet new people. We always encourage that. Especially in Croatia lots of people look down on younger people in the scene. We never had problems with the youngest kids coming, with giving them music, fanzines and infos, so they can start something better.

Kiki: That's why we're making our own zines. It's our way of communication, that's our wheel to communicate with others.

We want

to communicate, communication is a really important thing for the DIY scene.

Gajo: I just want to say we are very open to embrace new people in the scene. I think that it's really important that we don't show ourselves as „older punks“. In the croatian scene there are lots of people that are older, maybe they don't do it in purpose, but they're using that position „I'm an old punk“. That's definitely something we don't want to do.

Zhbla: He's 30 years old. And we never had any problems with a 15 year old coming and saying „this is my first punk show, this is so cool“. We always want to encourage it, it's not that „you're still young“. We're always on the same level, wether somebody is 12 years old or 50 years old. We are punks and that's it.

Gajo: Age is not that important, at least in diy he/punk.

out with some political actions, helping organizing the Anarchist Bookfair in Zagreb, it's always happening something. We have a political program on mondays in one club, it's called „Subversions“. I'm not that involved, but always trying to help out when I have time. So I'm more interested in that political aspect of punk.

Cane: I'm doing a label/distro called „Brand New Place“. And sometimes I'm doing shows for bands on tour.

Besides all that stuff that you do, do you still find time to work or how do you earn money to survive?

Gajo: Since two years now I'm delivering Coca Cola with a truck, I'm not the driver, I'm the helper. For me it's a fun job, because I'm



You just said that you are all active besides the band in different projects, zines, bands. Can you just name them?

Gajo: I'm doing a zine that's called „International Old School Conspiracy“. Seven issues so far, also done a zine before. I have a zine distro and I play in some other bands....ahm, how much? Evazija, Leid and some other projects, it's not that important.

Kiki: I'm making the „Viva la Evolution“-fanzine, it's very personal stuff. In that zine I'm talking about how I'm looking on this world, especially relations between people

and sexes. I just write it from my corner, how I look at it and I really enjoy doing this. It's a good way to communicate and meet new people, younger people, everybody.

Zhbla: I'm doing a zine for eight numbers so far, also play in another band, not that important. I feel like I'm more attracted to the anarchist political stuff, so I'm always helping

done at 11/12 o'clock in the noon and have all day, I don't work weekends, sometimes even not mondays. I have a good boss, because I'm working in a private company. For now it's ok for me, don't know for the future. So I have plenty of time for all the stuff that I want to do.

Kiki: I'm still in college, I study history and archaeology and still live with my parents. I think I will end my studying in two years and then I don't know what to do.

Zhbla: I'm unemployed at the moment, I dropped out from college a year ago, but I have to find a job pretty soon after the tour to pay the fucking rent. It's gonna be turbulent for me at the end of this year. I don't know where I am at the moment, just playing on tour and that's it.

Cane: I'm also unemployed, still living with my parents, from time to time I do some part time jobs. That's it.



Ok, so can you shortly explain the political situation in Croatia right now a little bit? What about the parties, are there any extreme right wing parties?

Zhbla: Basically we don't have any extreme right wing parties. The party that has the power in the moment is like a center to right-

party. They try to go in this „pro-European-suck ass-we want to be in the EU“ way. But actually everything has become more and more like the european standard of politics. Earlier you had these strong leftist and right wing parties and you had to choose, but now in the last elections it was all the same kind of parties. Everyone has the same program, they all have this „pro-EU-we will take you to Europe“ direction. Underneath it's not that democratic and nice, but it's a little better than it was ten years ago, the old regime was a bit totalitarian. For now it's ok, but I don't see any god future in this moment with the direction where we are going. I don't believe the EU is going to bring any change except being able to find a shitty job wherever I want and being able to go out and travel. Now we can go to EU and Slovenia with just ID-cards, so travelling isn't that hard.

You are often compared to Tear it Up. How did that band influence you?

Gajo: For me personally, very much. But I think that we're not very much like them, like a copy or something. But for me that has been one of the main influences in the last four years.

Zhbla: They just more or less influenced my making of riffs, but it's an influence in the concept of the band. Hard working and touring, always recording and releasing, that kinds of straight forward hc/punk bands, not just in the sound. But mainly our two big influences, people and music, are F.P.O. from Macedonia and Mladina Kina from Slovenia. They are bigger influences than Tear it Up.

You just talked a bit about the scene in Croatia. Especially in Zagreb, are there any big squats or what's it like there?

Cane: There are mainly no squats. There is a new squat in Zagreb, but when we were supposed to play the first show on the tour there it was evicted. I heard there were a few more shows, but I don't know what's the future of it. In other cities there are no squats.

Zhbla: The squatting issue in Croatia was basically from the 90's to now mainly focused on Zagreb. The squats never lasted more than

a few years, because in the 90's we had a big nazi issue and there were a lot of troubles, not just with nazis but also with the police. There was a much harder repression then. In the last few years we had squats that were mainly for a living, but in the end people went out, because they had too much trouble with some local junkies, mafia, stuff like that. So they had to be abandoned, cause there were too much problems. Then there was this newly squatted place, it didn't had so much people living in there, but there were some cool spaces for Food Not Bombs, some anarchosyndicalist initiatives. Not for a living, but more space for activities. I don't know what's the issue now, but I hope when we come it will be ok, cause it had some police troubles.

And where do you organize your shows then and stuff like that?

Kiki: In whole Croatia Pula, Rijeka, Zagreb and Varaždin are the only cities bands can play regulary. In Pula there is a huge ex-military building, there is an infoshop, there also is one in Rijeka. Zagreb has some great hc/punk scenes. Varaždin has also a great place to play...

Zhbla: Not anymore.

Kiki: Ok, not anymore, sorry. Well, then you got only three cities to play.

Cane: From time to time there are shows in other cities, but there are no other constant places where you can play. Sometimes shows in the eastern part of Croatia, but Zagreb is the constant place to play. Most of the touring bands coming to Croatia play in Zagreb.

What are your views on climate change and pollution, issues that will definitely have a huge impact on our planet? We all know that voting doesn't change anything in the system, but do you think it would be worth voting a green party for changing something in that topic? Or do you totally believe in grassroots environmentalism?



Zhbla: If you ask me, from my point of view, and it's strictly anarchist, I don't believe that voting for some party will change stuff. I believe in constant grassroots activism, constant trying to change at least local environment. So it can go on bigger, always agitating. We have some good permaculture projects near Zagreb. Most of the stuff can be achieved more on a personal and local basis rather than a big with parties and stuff like that. What did you ask before?

How would that whole problem be solved? All the big decisions and problems, how to produce energy for the population etc. can not alone be solved by some small groups of people...

Zhbla: That's a hard question. Don't ask me how it would be changed. I think I'm a little bit dark on this question, I don't believe in the survival of the human race in the next few hundred years. I believe in it's extinction and that we've gone too far, that we have managed to produce too much technology that we aren't responsible and capable to use. All the things I can do I'm doing on my daily basis. I don't have a driver's license, I have a bicycle and I use it for everything, even for further travelling. We are all more or less pedestrians and bike drivers, cause that's economical the best thing you can do. This is it for us.

Kiki: Voting for a green party can not change the industrial picture of China or India and I think that in those countries some green projects or laws won't be realized so soon. I think we can fight on a personal level, trying to make an impact on society.

Gajo: Globally it's pretty hard to fight against this capitalist imperialism. It's a negative view, but it's reality.

Zhbla: Ok, I'm always looking at it of the negative pessimist perspective, but at the same time I really think that all the direct actions, all the protests, all the things we can do are really important, just not to give up, even if you know you won't succeed with it. In the end it's the most important thing you can do. There were some great direct actions, like calls for protests and stuff, that actually did manage to change something radically. We must always try to make our actions bigger and bigger.

So we come to the end. What do you plan for the future, any tours planned yet?

Cane: Actually there are no plans for the future. I guess we have done as a band what we wanted. We have a few releases, this is the 2nd tour, we met tons of people and I really don't know what will happen in the future. I guess we'll just hold on for the moment, because Zhbla is unemployed, he will probably sell his amp after this tour, we all need to find some jobs, Kiki has some final exams for college...so I really don't know what will happen.

Zhbla: We talked about it yesterday. We don't see any future in the moment. I don't want this to sound like bragging, but we were one of the rare croatian bands that did it without stopping. We had our first few rehearsals, we tried to play as much as we can, to record as much as we can, to get our releases out, we travelled the whole region - Serbia, Macedonia, Slovenia - we played whole Europe more or less. And in that two years we really accomplished a whole more than some bands in ten years. When we come back from the tour we all have pretty much fucked up situations at home, so we will be focussing on that and not on the band. For now we don't want to talk about the future.

Gajo: I also think that we will probably split up. But we don't regret nothing.

Zhbla: There are gonna be new bands.

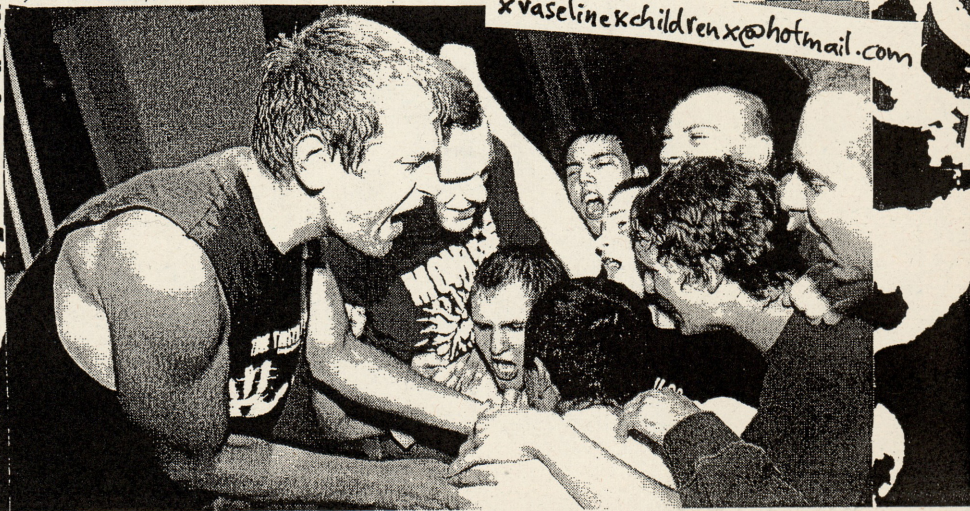
Gajo: I think three years is ok for a hc/punk band. We managed to meet lots of new people that have become our friends, our family, that's the most important you can do with a band. We managed to influence some people, some people influenced us. Also we pissed off lots of people. That's also important, sometimes in punk you need a kick in the ass.

Thank you for the interview. Do you have any last words you want to get out?

Zhbla: Thank you! Zines rule, read and support zines. Ride a bike! Gather information and learn something new, communicate!

CONTACT:

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MACH WAS! MACH SELBST WAS. GESTALTE WAS!
ES IST DER EINZIGE WEG AUS DER SCHEIßE. ES IST DER EINZIGE WEG AUS DER
HÖLLE, DIE UNS HIER TÄGLICH BEGEGNET!

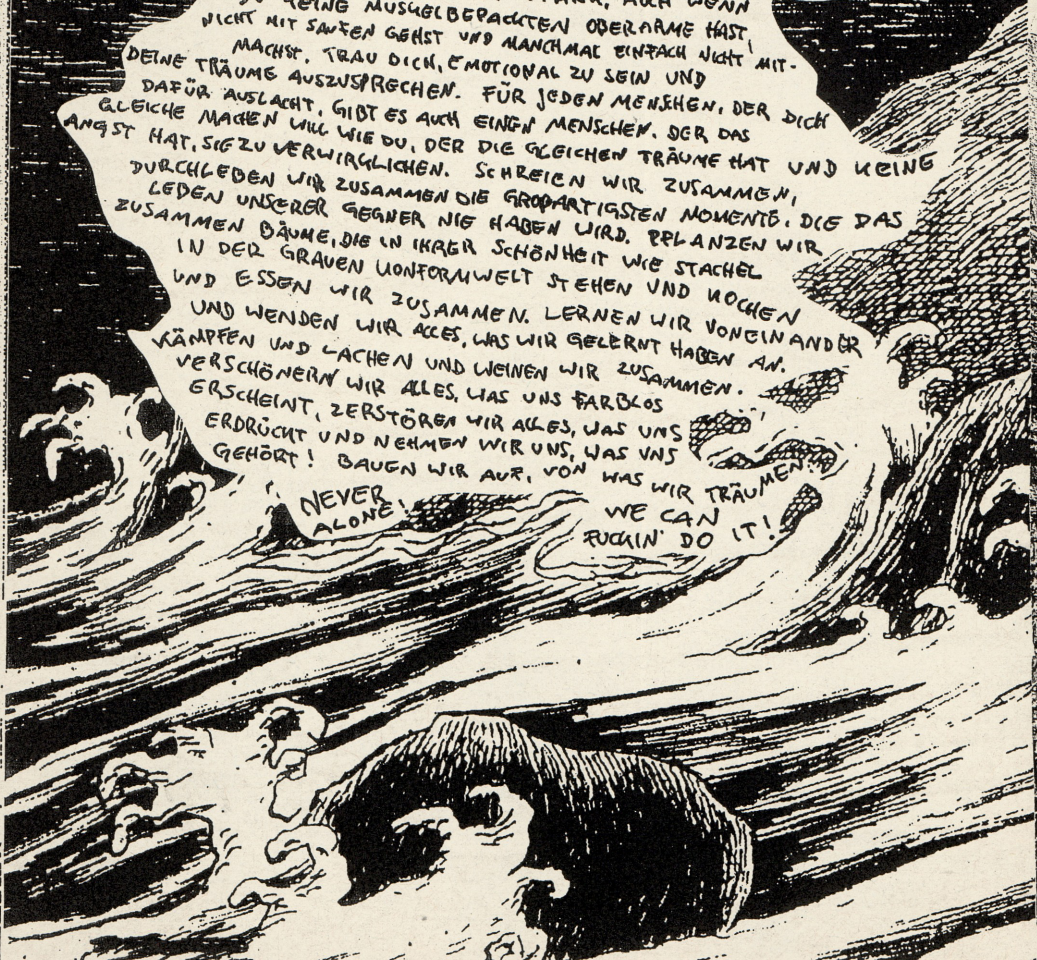
ES IST DER EINZIGE VERDAMNTE WEG, NICHT SO WIE DIE PISSER
ZU WERDEN, DIE DIR DAS LEBEN SCHWER MACHEN, WEIL SIE MIT
IHREM EIGENEN SCHEISSLEBEN NICHT UMRUMKOMMEN.

FRISS NICHTS IN DICH REIN, BEHALTE ES NICHT FÜR DICH.
SCHREI ES RAUS, SCHREIB ES AUF, MAL ES AN JEDER WAND,
NOTZ DEINE GANZE WUT DENEN INS GESICHT,
DIE ES VERDIENEN HABEN!

SIE MACHEN DICH AN, WEIL DU ANDERS BIST, ABER
SIE SIND SO VERDAMMT KONFORM, DASS SIE ANGST VOR
ALLEM HABEN, WAS ANDERS IST. NACH AUFEN DEMONSTRIEREN
SIE STÄRKE UND ÜBERLEGENHEIT, DOCH WENN MENSCH MIT
DEM STROM SCHWIMMT IST ES IMMER EINFACH, DAS MAUL
AUFZUGESSEN. DU BIST STARK, AUCH WENN
DU KEINE MUSKELBEREICHEN ODER ARME HAST,
NICHT MIT SAUFEN GEHTST UND MANCHMAL EINFACH NICHT MIT-
MACHST. TRAU DICH, EMOTIONAL ZU SEIN UND
DEINE TRÄUME AUSZUSPRECHEN. FÜR JEDEN MENSCHEN, DER DICH
DAFÜR AUSLACHT, GIBT ES AUCH EINEN MENSCHEN, DER DAS
GLEICHE MACHEN WILL WIE DU, DER DIE GLEICHEN TRÄUME HAT UND KEINE
ANGST HAT, SIE ZU VERWIRKLICHEN. SCHREIEN WIR ZUSAMMEN,
DURCHLEBEN WIR ZUSAMMEN DIE GROßARTIGSTEN MOMENTE, DIE DAS
LEBEN UNSERER GEGNER NIE HABEN WIRD. PFLANZEN WIR
ZUSAMMEN BÄUME, DIE IN IHRER SCHÖNHEIT WIE STACHEL
IN DER GRAUEN KONFORMWELT STEHEN UND KOCHEN
UND ESSEN WIR ZUSAMMEN. LERNEN WIR VONEINANDER
UND WENDEN WIR ALLES, WAS WIR GELERNT HABEN AN.
KÄMPFEN UND LACHEN UND WEINEN WIR ZUSAMMEN.
VERSCHÖNERN WIR ALLES, WAS UNS FARBLICH
ERSCHEINT, ZERSTÖREN WIR ALLES, WAS UNS
ERDRÜCKT UND NEHMEN WIR UNS, WAS UNS
GEHÖRT! BAUEN WIR AUF, VON WAS WIR TRÄUMEN

NEVER
ALONE!

WE CAN
FUCKIN' DO IT!



images and pictures stolen from Nils Brenner,
Vaseline Children and elsewhere...

KEIN PRESSERECHT!

Thanks for reading



